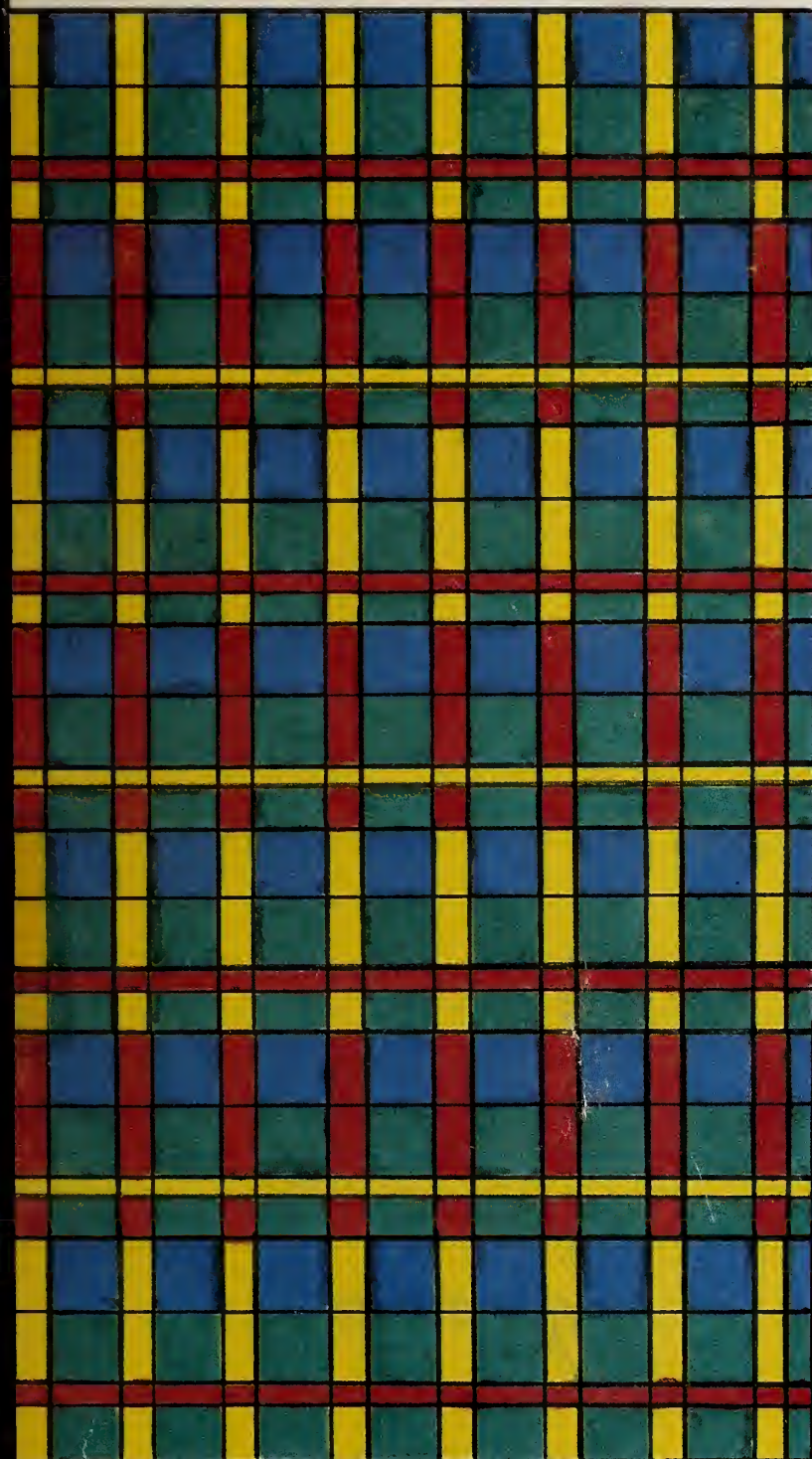


1983













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# **BRANKSOME HALL 10 ELM AVE. TOR.ONT.**

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# EDITORIAL

It is the responsibility of a yearbook staff to record accurately the history of one school year. All the elements, the ordinary and the extraordinary, which make that particular year unique must be represented. But life inside a school must be seen in relationship to both national and global events. Thus a yearbook is like a time capsule which must represent 1983 not only today but also twenty years from now. SLOGAN '83 will stand the test of time.

A great many changes can be seen in SLOGAN '83. We hope that these changes will be met with a great deal of support and enthusiasm. The most obvious change is the soft cover. This change enabled us to cut down costs, so that we did not have to raise the price of the book. More importantly, however, it represents a well needed change. It enabled us to have a more interesting, coloured cover design. The cover chosen was the winning entry from a cover contest which had been held in the fall. Barb Inksater's cover was chosen because of its excellent use of colour and because of its efficient use of the front and back portions of the cover.

In SLOGAN '83 we have put the year in focus by introducing it in terms of Canada and the rest of the world. The book has been entirely reorganized. We have placed faculty, principal, prefects, classes and boarding within a new section called Student Life. We have made more room for candid photos drawn from the entire school. Within this section we have in-

cluded news of the school year as well as the trends and fashions which have made 1983 distinct. The spring events of 1982 are located in "BHS news 1982" at the beginning of the book. "BHS news 1983" includes news from September 1982 to March 1983.

Our efforts would have been wasted if not for the talents of our layout editors Barb Inksater and Alison Carr whose artistic talents have accounted for the variety of layout styles throughout the book resulting in a book with an entirely new look. SLOGAN '83 is the product of a group of hard-working and dedicated staff who have striven for excellence in everything that they have done. Jenny Ryder, the assistant editor, is an extremely reliable and dedicated individual. Our section editors, Katey, Julie and Julia, were always full of new ideas and concepts. Katey single-handedly did the entire Junior School section. Our ad editors, Sloane and Kelly, showed great ingenuity in the face of economic cutbacks. Our photographers, Judy and Sarah, were dedicated and hard working - although occasionally full of surprises!

We hope that you enjoy SLOGAN '83. Take the time to read it, not merely flip through it. We may be slightly biased, but we think its one of the best SLOGANS ever!

Janice Loudon

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Janice Loudon

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Jenny Ryder

## LAYOUT EDITORS

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Barb Inksater

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Julie Fergusson

## JUNIOR SCHOOL EDITOR

Katey Corbett

## LITERARY EDITOR

Julia Weinstein

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Barb Inksater

## STAFF ADVISOR

Mrs. S. MacGregor

## LITERARY ADVISOR

Mrs. M. Roe

## AD ADVISOR

Mrs. A. Gray



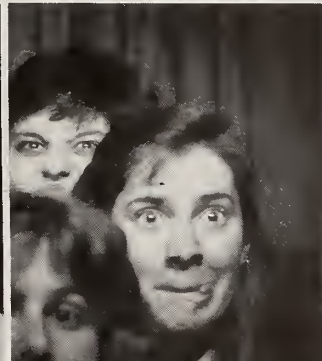
Left to Right: Mrs. Roe, Mrs. MacGregor, Mrs. Gray.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC CREDITS

Mr. J. Ball

Michelle Kemp-Gee







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# CLOSER TO HOME





# BHS NEWS SPRING 1982

## Moosonee

Last March a group of Branksomites discovered a part of Ontario we knew little about, Moosonee. A long but exciting train trip on the Polar Bear Express took us up to a cold and remote little city. We were pleasantly surprised. We laughed our way with Mr. Ball, Miss Roach and Miss Brough through craft shops, a weather station (remember that balloon, girls?), slush and friendly restaurants that didn't know what to do with the load of us. A few of us, through hard work, even picked up a few phrases in Cree. A helicopter ride to Moose Factory took our breath away and gave us an aerial view of the surroundings we stayed in. Aside from the cold hands, cold feet and a blizzard, we all thought the trip was a great success. I urge others to expand their travels next March when the trip will be taken again.

Darcy Bett

## Chalk River

April 22, 1982, Bus, 76 kids, 4 teachers, Travel, Chalk River, Motel, Fun wow!, Forgotten luggage, Nuclear Plant, Frank Finnly, "Moving Rock," Glowing, Understanding, Education, Travel, Ottawa, Free time, Dinner out, Late nights, Elevators, English Essays, Roll call?, Museum, Space, Communication, Resistors, Transistors, Travel, Celebration, Toronto, Good time, Thanks.

Many thanks to Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Davidovac and Mrs. Hunt for an enjoyable and educational trip.

by Kathy Stinson

P.S.: (No reported cases of radiation to date, although some girls returned looking slightly green!).



LAST APRIL, 40 BRANKSOME GIRLS WENT TO THE BIG APPLE. ALTHOUGH ONE OR TWO OF THE GIRLS HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE, IT WAS A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR MOST. AND AN EXPERIENCE IT WAS!! THE LAND OF YELLOW CABS, ENDLESS AMOUNTS OF PEOPLE, THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF A BIG CITY. MUCH WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN THE FOUR SHORT DAYS THAT WE WERE THERE..... DRAMA STUDENTS TRAVELLING FROM SET TO BACKSTAGE, (PLAY TO PLAY). ART STUDENTS FROM GALLERY TO GALLERY. GEOGRAPHY STUDENTS COVERED EVERY INCH OF THE CITY FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AND THE FASHION ARTS STUDENTS SAW EVERYTHING FROM DESIGNERS TO FASHION SHOWS. OVERALL, INFORMATION WAS SWALLOWED UP AND THE TRIP WAS TRULY A LEARNING EXPERIENCE. THANKS SHOULD GO TO, MISS BELL, MRS. SIMPSON, MRS. STRETTON, MISS FRIEN

IT WAS A FANTASTIC TRIP!!!



## The Formal

Little was said about the formal held at the Rosedale Golf Club except that it was a success. There was a tremendous turnout by the elevens, twelves and thirteens. Every single grad was at the dance thanks to Jenny Pitman's dating service.

The band was called the Grotto Beats and was very popular. Even better, if possible, than the Bop Cats at the U.C.C. Battalion Ball. That alone says something for girls' school dances. Many times the dance floor was so filled that several couples ventured outside to dance on the ice covered patio.

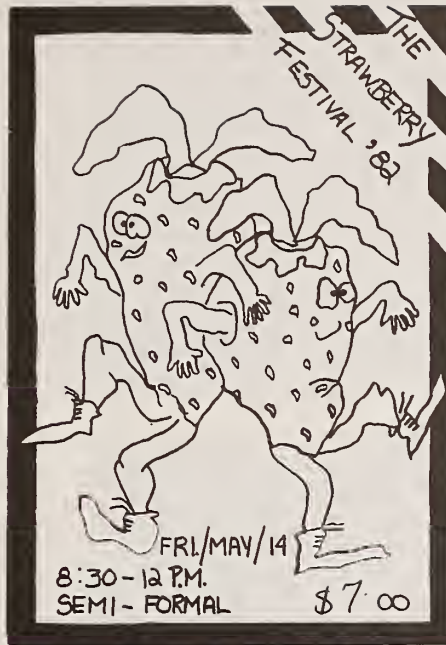
According to tradition, everyone (alright, we exaggerated) arrived at the appointed time and went through the receiving line. Everyone was a little nervous when introducing their dates; the most memorable being when one attender introduced her date to Miss Roach by saying:

"Good evening Miss Roach, may I produce my date."

As expected the traditional Laura Ashely and pastel taffeta dresses came out of closets. Black tails and red bow ties seemed to be very popular. I believe I counted seven!

Finally the evening was a lovely ending to a hectic term and it was a real pleasure to see Mr. and Mrs. Levitt dancing.

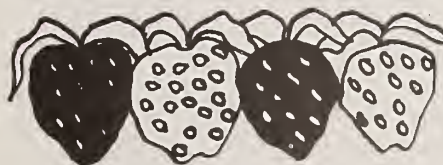
Carpe Diem!  
Sally Pitfield



On May 1, 1982 the annual Branksome Hall semiformal was held in the school gym. Students from grade nine and up attended the dance with their dates and moved to the disco-new wave beat of Gord James, a disc jockey from CHUM.

By tradition, this dance was organized by the grade twelves. This dance surpassed all others with its large attendance (thanks to the terrific publicity), excellent food which included fresh strawberries, homemade cookies and abnormally popular punch, good music and dance contests. The lucky winners of the dance contests went home with B.H.S. frisbees and records from CHUM. Thanks go to the grade twelves, Martha and Kathy who all helped to make the evening a success.

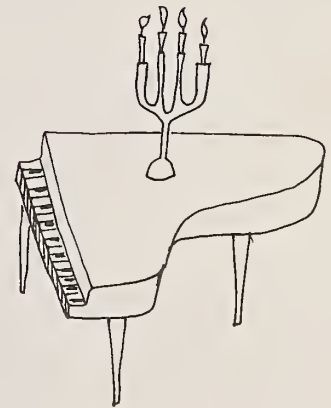
Jenny Ryder



## Spring Concert

All the long hours of practice since the beginning of the Choir year had finally paid off. The 1982 Spring Concert was a smashing hit, coming to a climax with a standing ovation! The Choir members were all so thrilled just before their performance because for the first time in the Choir's history we were being accompanied by the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra. The varieties of instruments gave the whole performance a special air. This was the time we said our good-byes to our well loved Choir master, Mr. Jordon. The audience joined in with us to wish Mr. Jordon the best in his future career and also to thank him for all his hard work in the years he was at Branksome. Without him, the Spring Concert could never have been what it was. Thanks a million Sir!

Kim Cramer







## Branksome Havergal Challenge

"And did those feet in Modern time walk upon Branksome's mountain green?"

Branksome sends its sympathy to the thirteen Havergalians (and auxiliary runners) who can answer "yes" to the above question. Fortunately, we cannot empathize or understand the plight of the unprepared or the under-spirited.

On a balmy May day in the year of 1982, Branksome hosted the first Havergal-Branksome Challenge.

Created under the superlative leadership of Alison Wiley and Kelly Hawke, over three hundred Branksomites (myself included) gathered in the lowerfield to watch the challenge.

The Challenge consisted of an obstacle course and a run around upperfield. It also included a brief jog up the stairs by the tennis courts, an incline now affectionately known as the Havergalian Hill.

Neither the run nor the opposing athletes were any match for our fit and confident team of thirteen. Clad in "chariots of fire" white, the team was able to finish the course all by themselves. Needless to say, we won.

Between the bar-b-que afterwards and "the Challenge," the day seemed quite a success.

P.S.: Thanks should go to Kelly and Alison and to the rest of the 1981-82 grads who helped us reinstate our supremacy in spirit.

By M. Cartwright

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# CLAN BASH!

TUESDAY, MAY, 25<sup>th</sup> •

4:0'clock to 5:0'clock

Balloon Toss and Capture the Flag  
followed by a FORMAL DINNER



On Tuesday, May 25, our clan chieftains went out of their way to make our final clan gathering of 82 be one to remember - they really did. Firstly we had an exciting game of capture the flag. The teams were Mc clans vs. non-Mc clans. The non-Mc clans won. Then we were served an elegant dinner of hot dogs, potato chips and salad. The meal was piped in by S.A.C. boys and was indeed an elegant affair. Congratulations and thanks should go to all the chieftains and subs for a fantastic evening and a great year of spirit.

## S.A.C. March

True to tradition, the St. Andrews' cadet corps arrived on Sunday morning clad in their red blazers and green kilts. They assembled in front of Sherborne and Ainslie to the sounds of the bag pipers warming up.

After the customary inspection, they marched down Mt. Pleasant which had been closed for the event. A large crowd of spectators lined the street to watch the parade. It was truly a sight to see.

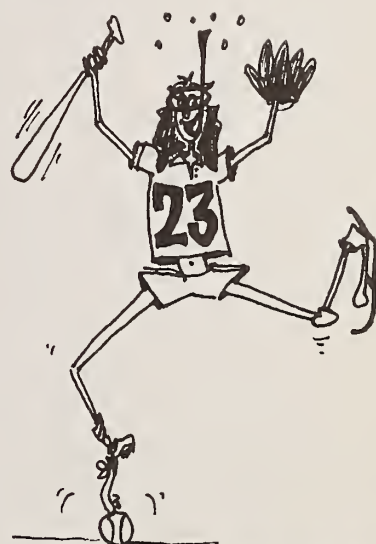


## Sports Day

Sports Day 1982 was a great success. Not only did it include the annual slogan signing, but it also included the ever popular three-legged race and an exciting leap frog relay which had everyone involved.

The biggest surprise of the day was when Alison Wiley captured first place in the 800m. run. No one would have ever guessed. (Ha-ha). \_\_\_\_\_ ran a fine race to win the 60m. dash.

Congratulations to all of those who participated. It was a memorable occasion.



# PRIZE DAY 1982

## JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZES

Alumnae Prize for Outstanding Contribution to the Junior School . . . . .	Elizabeth Allingham
Stephanie Telfer Memorial Prize for School Enthusiasm . . . . .	Hayley Avruskin
Parents Association Prize for Outstanding New Girl in the Junior School . . . . .	Chantal Coury
Public Speaking Grades 1, 2 and 3 . . . . .	Pippa Aird and Jillian Kirchmann
Public Speaking Grades 4, 5 and 6 . . . . .	Elizabeth Allingham
Essay Competition: Grades 5 and 6 . . . . .	Jennifer Griffiths
Essay Competition: Grades 7 and 8 . . . . .	Gabrielle Hull
The Grace Morris Craig Prize for Art in Grade 7 . . . . .	Fiona Baird
The Bone Memorial Prize for French in Grade 8 . . . . .	Elizabeth Allingham
Alexandra Ward Bursary for Music . . . . .	Elizabeth Allingham

## GENERAL PROFICIENCY in Junior School

Grade 1	Alexandra Cragg	Grade 7R8	Stephanie Garrow
Grade 2	Sasha Velikov	Grade 7R9	Nasim Mawji
Grade 3	Alison Borrajo	Grade 7R10	Kimberley Korinek
Grade 4	Ekaterina Velikov	Grade 8R3	Heather Cragg
Grade 5	Andrea Green	Grade 8R4	Gabrielle Hull
Grade 6	Jennifer Griffiths	Grade 8R7	Elizabeth Allingham

## SPORTS PRIZES

Swimming Under 11 Champion ..... Jane Taylor  
Swimming Junior Champion ..... Angela McArthur  
Sports Day, Under 11 ..... Samantha Bramson  
Sports Day Junior Champion ..... Emily Long, Colleen Silver  
Tennis Junior Singles ..... Shelagh Grant  
Activity Awards ..... Lisa Bronn, Miranda dePencier, Lisa Gelinas  
Sarah Hull, Margot Humphrey, Alison Smith

**The Donald Falconer Cup . . . . . Hayley Avruskin**

## CLAN AWARDS

Junior School  
... Fraser  
Fraser Award to the  
Chieftain, M. Henderson  
Senior School  
... Douglas  
McLeod Award to the  
Chieftain ... S. Teskey

## SENIOR SCHOOL PRIZES

Art: The Pippa Harris Memorial Prize	Catherine Berchtold
The School Prize in Latin	Sarah Teskey
Outstanding Achievement in Grade 9	Louise Dempster
Outstanding Achievement in Grade 10	Jane Leckey
Outstanding Achievement in Grade 11	Jennifer Kim
Essay Competition in Grades 9 and 10	Melanie Evans
Essay Competition in Grades 11, 12 and 13	Karen Stilwell
The Dorothy Misener Teskey Bursary in Family Studies	Jennifer Fitzgerald
The Eunice M. Coutts Prize for Outstanding Contribution to Music	Christie Baillie
Award of Excellence in Music Performance	Simonetta Lanzi
The Edgar Burton Memorial Prize for Personal Achievement	Randi Robertson
The Lowen, Ondaatje, McCutcheon Prize for Encouragement of Love of Scholarship	Margot Wright
Progress	Melinda Wiltshire-Gibson
Loyal Contribution to the Residence, Kathleen G. Shaw Memorial	Lesley Juniper, Sky Lamothe
Library Service	Robin Howell
Service to the Debating Society	Janice Loudon, Susan Morris
Excellence in Debating	Simonetta Lanzi
Service to the Drama Club	Julia Weinstein
Service to the Slogan	Simonetta Lanzi
Service to the Kilt Press	Wendy Buchanan, Meredith Cartwright, Jill Curtis, Maggie Hermant.



Service to the Beta Kappa .....	Julie Robertson
Service to the Opheleo .....	Jennifer Pitman
The Parents Association for the Outstanding New Girl in the Senior School .....	Sandra Littlefair
The Carter Ledingham Prize for Outstanding Contribution to the Senior School .....	Kelly Hawke, Simonetta Ianzi

#### HONOUR STUDENTS

Michelle Blundell	Simonetta Ianzi	Susan Quaggin
Edith Chang	Nancy Lawson	Julie Robertson
Susan Donahue	Anita Lin	Ai Chun Tang
Anne Louise Genest	Vera I.o	Kate Trusler
Kelly Hawke	Andrea Masters	Alison Wiley
Lili Hollinrake	Lisa Matthews	Amanda Worely
Karen Hurrell	Kathryn Montgomery	Margot Wright
	Jennifer Pitman	

#### MEDALS

The Ruth Caven Memorial Medal for Scholarship in Grade 12 .....	Patricia Lee
The School Medal for Scholarship in Grade 13 .....	Lisa Matthews
The Governor General's Medal .....	Susan Quaggin
The Jean Hulme Memorial for Leadership .....	Alison Wiley

#### GRADE 13 SUBJECT PRIZES

Physics .....	Susan Quaggin
Chemistry .....	Kelly White
The Helen F. Edmison Memorial Prize for Biology .....	Lili Hollinrake
Mathematics .....	Susan Quaggin, Lisa Matthews
Geography .....	Janice Loudon
Family Studies .....	Elizabeth Smart
History .....	Nancy Lawson
French .....	Michelle Blundell
Economics .....	Karen Hurrell
The Elizabeth Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for English .....	Anne Louise Genest
The Helene Sandoz Perry Prize for Art .....	Michelle Blundell, Kate Trusler

#### GRADE 12 SUBJECT PRIZES

Fashion Arts .....	Jody Kayser
Family Studies .....	Kathleen McCombe
The Dorothy G. Phillips Prize for Mathematics .....	Patricia Lee
Accounting .....	Michelle Kemp-Gee
The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize for English .....	Janice Loudon
Chemistry .....	Patricia Lee
French .....	Kelly White
Geography .....	Martha Wilson
History .....	Jill Curtis
Physical Education and Health .....	Linda Schabereiter

#### SPORTS

Sports Day Intermediate Champion .....	Susan Andrus
Sports Day Senior Champion .....	Darcy Bett
Sports Day Open 80 metre Sprint .....	Darcy Bett
Junior Athletic Awards: Susan Andrus, Stephanie Buchanan, Megan Fong, Laurie Nichols, Genevieve Perron, Leanne Weld.	
Senior Athletic Awards: Kathryn Buleychuk, Meredith Cartwright, Shelia Gorwill, Kelly Hawke, Mary Morden, Sarah Teskey.	
Badminton Singles .....	Kathryn Fullerton
Badminton Doubles .....	Susan Morris, Janice Wright
Swimming Intermediate Champion .....	Christine Lewis
Swimming Senior Champion .....	Susan Garay

## You Can't Take It with You



\* Exerpt from "HOLLYWOOD PRESS"

"... last April 22 and 23, A metropolitan Toronto school, Branksome Hall, put on an outstanding performance of Hart and Kaufman's, **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU** starring up and coming actresses such as Natasha Prior, Kim Roberts, Heather Lafleur, Marny MacMillan, Rachel Horne, Mary Boynton, Penny Pilgrim, Martha McCarthy, Laurie Lupton, Sarah Holding and Haley Wymes. Of course, it also starred some veterans: Margo Nesbitt, Julia Weinstein, Wendy Buchanan, Caird

Stewart, Adie Deeks, Bonnie Barnes and Gwen Baillie. It was a riotously funny play, interpreted with great style, and it never slowed down until it reached a horrendous climax. A great year's work and an enjoyable evening; it was obvious that much work had been put into this fine production. The actresses were completely at ease on stage and often added their own impromptu lines which contributed to the overall performance. Thanks to Mrs. Smith, Miss Friend, Maggie Hermant and Theresa Hoefenmayer."

Martha McCarthy



## Graduation Day

It is not supposed to rain on anyone's parade - but it did on Graduation Day 1982. We awoke to the discouraging forecast and felt so sorry for all the girls who had waited thirteen or more years for their big day - Graduation - only to find it raining. Let it not be said that Branksome girls are not hearty and full of spirit. Not even rain or the announcement that only relatives could attend the garden party dampened their enthusiasm. They still proceeded down the aisle of St. Paul's in their beautiful white formals, they still marched in the traditional parade with their roses led by bag pipes and they still cried as they said farewell to friends they might not see for many years. So, despite the fact that rain forced Miss Roach to change the setting ever so slightly, Graduation will always be a highlight in those girls lives and it is doubtful that in ten years they will even remember it rained on Graduation.

by Maggie Hermant







# STUDENT LIFE

# Principal

Branksome has always been a lively, productively busy place but the year 1982-83 has been an unusually active one. In addition to plays, concerts, fashion show, debates, dances and sports, we have ventured forth in several new directions. Much of our energy last fall was dedicated to producing Branksome's first student bazaar which raised over four thousand dollars for the Canadian Cancer Society. We were pleased to donate this money in memory of Pippa Harris, a graduate of 1978. The demanding Duke of Edinburgh Award programme was begun this year and sixty girls have been working for their bronze award, the first level of achievement. We are proud of the Junior School Madrigal Choir which entered the Kiwanis Festival and placed second. An Amnesty International Chapter was formed last fall, the first one in a Toronto school. Consequently our students were asked to start a newsletter to circulate among the few high school chapters across Canada and they were invited to appear on a C.B.C. television show about Amnesty. The filming was done at Branksome. Also for the first time, we took part in a three month student exchange between Ontario and Quebec students. And

I must not forget that this was the year the necktie for fathers and the computer course for parents first appeared.

Our board of Governors and staff have been much involved with planning the new science wing, relocating our infirmary and day care, launching our long overdue Annual Giving programme, publishing the improved and expanded newsletter and with preparing an instrumental music course to begin in our Junior School next September. The present review of the Ontario education system will certainly have its effect upon Branksome very soon. Naturally the administration of the school has spent long hours preparing for changes which must come almost immediately.

I cannot remember a year when we have attempted and successfully completed so many projects, old and new, or when time has seemed so short. We could not have accomplished so much if it were not for the high quality of student leadership which we have enjoyed and the co-operation and obliging spirit of the present Branksome girls. My thanks to all of them.

Allison Roach.







These aimable and emotional people are creative and love to tell a good joke. Famous Face: Wordsworth. Top: Mr. Ball. Bottom: Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Bedard, Mme Markes. Absent: Mme Aucouturier.



## Pisces

## Sagittarius



The Archers are happy, lucky, optimistic and light hearted people who can be quick tempered. Impulsively they will drop everything for a jaunt around the world. Famous Face: Mary Queen of Scots. Picture 1: Mrs. Prins. Picture 2: (L - R) Mme Bayly, Mrs. Simpson.



## Aquarius



These witty, diplomatic, political people tend to be restless and boastful. They are great readers and have many friends. In many ways, the Aquarian is a trend setter. Picture 1: Mrs. Lumsdon. Picture 2: (L - R) Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Ranger, Mrs. Wayne.



## Capricorn



Calm, cool and collected are words most often associated with the Capricorn person. They are very matter-of-fact and have logical minds. At times they are blunt with friends - but those times are rare. Famous Face: Dickens. Picture 1: Mrs. Tuer. Picture 2: Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Cheeseman, Mrs. Smith.



## Aries



The Aries woman makes a truthful and forgiving friend. She loves a challenge and is ambitious and innovative. In matters of love she has the capacity to be selfish and jealous. Famous Face: Leonardo da Vinci. (L - R) Mrs. Strangway, Mrs. Watson.



The Taurus person is a down to earth individual who makes a steady friend. Back: Mrs. Zommers. Front: (L - R) Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Stretton, Mrs. Glennie, Mrs. Shaver.

## Taurus







## Gemini

Gemini's are quick of wit and are wonderful conversationalists. They're energetic, charming and have many interests. L - R: Miss Kenny, Mrs. Kizoff.



These chatty, social people are family oriented and obsessed with comfort and ease. They tend to be fickle in romantic relationships and love to make pasta. Famous Face: General D. MacArthur. Teachers: Mrs. Roe, Mrs. Clare.

## Cancer



These proud, courageous, ambitious people are extremely popular and warm. Determined and independent, they often seek powerful positions. Famous Face: Richard Nixon. Separate: Mme Dean. Top Row, L - R: Mrs. MacLellan, Mme. Berka, Mrs. Davidovac. Bottom: Mrs. Merrilees, Miss Baker, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Levitt.

## Leo



These industrious morning people are very much the intellectuals. They constantly strive for mental and physical improvement. They are thoughtful, systematic and punctual. Famous Face: T.S. Elliot. Top L - R: Mlle Douglas, Miss Northgrave. Bottom: Miss Healey, Miss Roach, Miss Bell.

## Virgo



The Libra person is sensitive, self confident and always modest. They are diplomatic, glamorous and fascinating to the opposite sex. Famous Face: Pablo Picasso. Top L - R: Mrs. Naftolin, Mrs. Willingham, Mrs. Smith. Bottom: Mme. Olson, Mrs. Dick, Mr. Bickle, Mrs. McRae.

## Libra



## Scorpio



Scorpions are truthful, sincere, proud individuals with vast insight. Famous Face: Walt Disney. L - R: Miss Perrot, Mrs. Provan, Mrs. MacGregor.



## Head Girl



With oxfords polished and kilt finally pressed, I returned to BHS in September feeling pretty excited. I was looking forward to a fun and active year. Moving into boarding was a major change but I really enjoyed my year of "living in." It was great popping across the hall or to the other houses to get to know more Branksomites than ever. The prefects this year were an inventive group. The father-daughter dance was once again a great success with the fathers having more opportunity than ever to learn to dance "crazy teenager style." One of our favorite contributions, though, was originating the perfect gift

for any BHS - associated man - the crested Branksome tie!

This year was one of discovery as well. Yes, it is possible to memorize all those carols and yes, homework can still be done when important decisions (who's going to be Rudolph?) must be made. The enthusiasm in Branksome has made all the work fun and I know I'll miss the good times and even the hectic times that have made my years at BH so special.

Much Love,  
Sarah

(S.T. - Portrait of a teenage Head Girl)

## Prefects



Front Row: Meredith Cartwright (Grade Prefect), Wendy Buchanan (Grade Prefect), Sarah Teskey (Head Girl), Maggie Hermant (Communications Prefect), Lisa Papas (Junior School Prefect). Back Row: Janice Loudon (Editor of the Slogan), Janice Wright (Sport's Captain), Martha Wilson (Intramural Head), Miss Roach, Kellie Leman (Grade Prefect), Beth Burrows (Grade Prefect), Jill Curtis (Head of Ophleo).





## CLANS...

Spirit, Unity  
Laughter  
Enthusiasm  
**GOODTIMES**  
**FRIENDS**  
That's what it's all  
about-That's BHS!

A big thanks to the  
Chieftains and Subs for  
all their efforts and  
organization of Clan  
activities, and of course  
to the **CLAN MEMBERS**  
for their incredible  
participation!!!

Martha, Intramural  
"The icecream lover!" Head



# Clan Chieftains and Sub- Chieftains

1. We've got the spirit, and the enthusiasm to soar to the top. In one word MacGregor, awesome! Keep up the good work. We're number one, in fun! Chieftain: Sarah Taylor. Sub-Chieftain: Beth Endean.

2. McAlpine you're a dynamite clan You're spirit and enthusiasm are explosive, keep it up. To the rest: our message is short yet to the point. "Cunich Bas Alpan." Chieftain: Sarah Wiley. Sub-Chieftain: Carrie Cameron.

3. "Win without boasting. Lose without excuse." A.P. Terhune. No fun without Scott!! "I can no other answer make but thanks. And thanks, and ever thanks." Shakespeare. Chieftain: Isobel Calvin. Sub-Chieftain: Hilary Shaw.

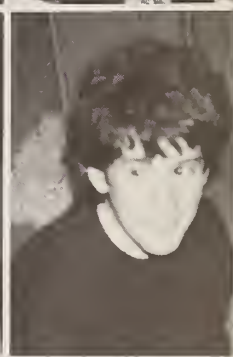
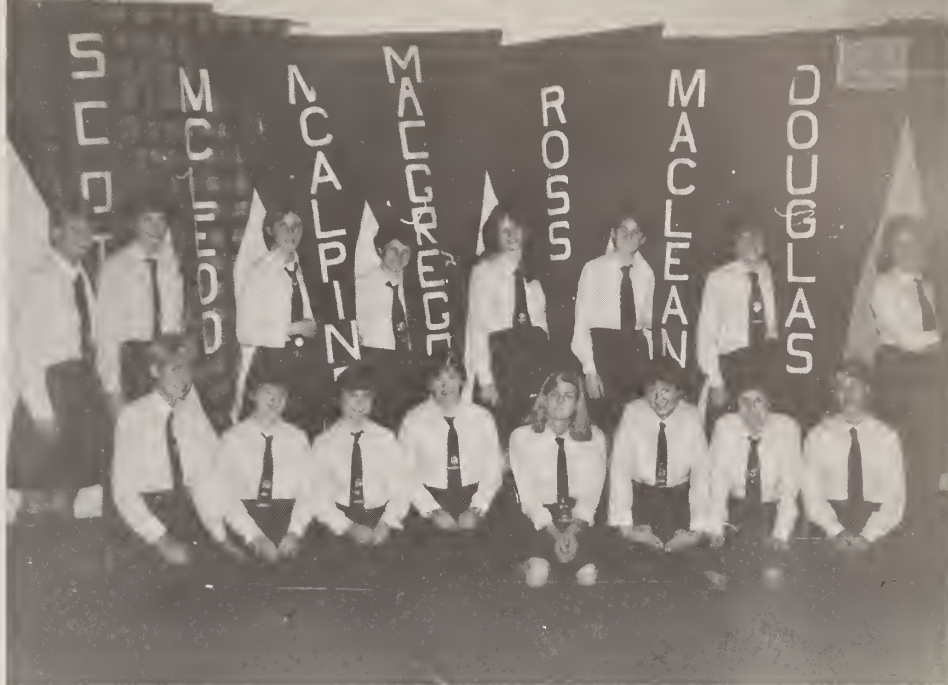
4. "Ride on! Rough-shod if need be, smooth-shod if that will do, but ride on! Ride on over all obstacles and win the race!" Dickens. Lead the way Campbell! Chieftain: Kim Roberts. Sub-Chieftain: Jill Dingle.

5. "Some men are born great; some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Shakespeare. Douglas simply is great!!! Chieftain: Kathy Barclay. Sub-Chieftain: Allison Huycke.

6. McLeod, Fabulous work from a fabulous clan! Don't let that spirit ever die! Chieftain: Heather Montgomery. Sub-Chieftain: Marianne Harwood-Nash.

7. MacLean is a fantastic group of clanners with excellent potential. "Pour on we will endure." - apologies to W. Shakespeare. Clan-Chieftain: Laura MacElwain. Sub-Chieftain: Caroline Kitchen.

8. The fantastic enthusiasm and spirit of Ross will continue to prevail in years to come . . . Way to go Ross! Chieftain: Marci Hartill. Sub-Chieftain: Laurie Nichols.



# GRADE NINE







#### 9R Foods Lab

Stairs (Top Row): Gayani Fernando, Jennifer Law. Middle Row: Tina Soriano, Catharine Vilaghy-Brown, Kimberly Scott, Jill McGavin, Sloan Mauran, Alexandra Wright, Sandra Wiltshire, Andrea Dorfman, Paula Hunt, Clara Tse, Sarah Hennessy. Bottom Row: Lisa Gelinas, Heather MacDermott, Jane Lockhart, Janet Anthony, Melissa Hall, Robin Richardson, Danielle Perron, Robynne Bradshaw, Lindsey Shaw, Vivi Floros, Christina Nurse, Monica Moles, Joann Whittaker, Catherine Cheeseman, Karolyn Taylor, Daphne King.  
President: Andrea Dorfman  
Secretary-Treasurer: Daphne King



#### 9R9

Stairs: Lesley Hinder, Laura Pink, Laura Tweedy, Christina Volgyesi, Becky Moore, Elizabeth Wood. Middle Row: Vee Ledson, Christina Zeidler, Emily Long, Joyce Kite, Alison Papas, Randa Hassaan, Colleen Silver, Vicky Thomson, Cindy Jamieson, Adrienne Brown, Abby Beer. Front Row: Sarah Dyack, Roslyn Case, Shelagh Sturtridge, Andra Freiberg, Susan Corley, Christina Meynell, Hayley Avruskin, Samantha Seagram, Susan Sandford, Angela McArthur, Heather Gray, Ruth Hughes, Heather Manley.  
President: Haley Avruskin  
Secretary-Treasurer: Alison Papas



9R16

Back Row: Tammy Long, Katie Holloway, M.J. Peirce, Martha Henderson, Jackie Sanz. Middle Row: Ulle Trass, DeeDee Poulton, Alwynne Jeffrey, Seana Massey, Angela van Straubenzee, Laura Hahn, Donna Beer, Lisa Korthals, Gillian Frise, Miranda de Pencier, Stacey Northgrave. Front Row: Siona McCully, Christy Dyba, Suzanne Walter, Gretel Mitchell, Penny Smith, Carol Cameron, Lisa Warsh, Shawna Cass, Fiona Baird, Liz Allingham, Nicky Szebeny, Sam Sharpe, Gigi Hull. Absent: Melissa Worts.

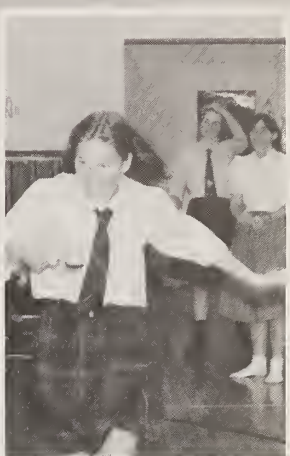
President: Mary-Jane Peirce

Secretary-Treasurer: Sam Sharpe





# GRADE TEN







#### 10R5

Top Left: Kristin MacPherson, Jennifer Andersen, Katharine Watt, Heather Adam. Second Row: Claire Duckworth, Alison Worley, Maureen Turner, Fiona Russell, Kathleen McCutcheon, Katherine Ingham, Tonya Katz, Sarah Eyton, Gayle Armstrong, Vicenza D'Antoni, Ainsley Moore, Anabel Chan, Yupin Khoo. Bottom Row: Janet Read, Mary Coleman, Cynthia Mitchell, Stephanie Buchanan, Vanessa Steinmetz, Jennifer Kitchen, Karen Short, Jane Hendrick, Laura el Baroudi, Louise Dempster, Hillary Pounsett, Wendy Frith, Christine Vander Dussen, Patricia Fleming. President: Janet Read Secretary-Treasurer: Jennifer Kitchen



#### 10R11

Back Row: Mary Inksater, Nadia Coury, Fiona Anderson. Middle Row: Erin Elder, Kim Foley, Adrienne Grant, Natalie von Veh, Kim Kelly, Katie Weatherill, Katherine Schulz, Gillian Field, Louise Dunlap, Natasha Prior. Front Row: Gillian Dinning, Linton Carter, Pam Snively, Mary Wright, Shannon McCarthy, Nancy Ross, Amanda Kirkland, Jennifer Hinder, Alison Dalglish, Jennifer Patchett, Maureen McMath, Carole Tinmouth, Martha Morden, Margaret MacDonald, Shuna Baird, Corinne Strasman, Anna Tyacke, Sabrina Mitchell, Marina Adshade, Mala Chandiramani. President: Mary Wright Secretary-Treasurer: Jennifer Hinder

# 10R19

Back Row: Julia Streit, Yumi Kashu, Debbie Edney, Carol Hood, Kim Dalglish. Middle Row: Leeanne Weld, Mary-Anne Rapanos, Poppy Tsmidis, Dana Warren, Allison Case, Leslie Fleming, Sarah Wright, Linda Alexanian, Lisa Kirshner, Meredith Bond, Morag Fraser. Front Row: Jennifer Routledge, Jennifer McCulloch, Cathy Mills, Daphne Armstrong, Helga Sonnenberg, Mary Moffat, Alison MacLeod, Nicole Pichler, Nancy North, Susan Van Wynen, Liane Kennedy, Jennifer Cunietti, Lisa Clark, Ruhi Sharma, Laura Downing, Alison Englar.

President: Sarah Wright

Secretary-Treasurer: Mary Moffat





# GRADE ELEVEN





#### 11R4

Back Row: Kathryn Fullerton, Annabelle Fell, Allison Huycke, Jennifer Gray, Christina Lewis, Wendy Robertson, Melinda Bradshaw, Jennifer Pierce, Cynthia Swinden. Middle Row: Michele Lavoie, Karin Dobbin, Diane Dempsey, Hilary Shaw. Front Row: Mitzi Narinesingh, Lenore Wille, Katherine Lyon, Wendy Spencer, Susan Andrus, Jeanette Pang Mun Yee, Bonita Cheung, Jennifer Beatty, Pamela Peers, Deborah Lachowicz, Jane Matthews, Catherine Adams, Pamela Vallance, Willa Evans, Susan Higgins, Wendy Brown.  
President: Kathryn Fullerton  
Secretary-Treasurer: Allison Huycke



#### 11R10

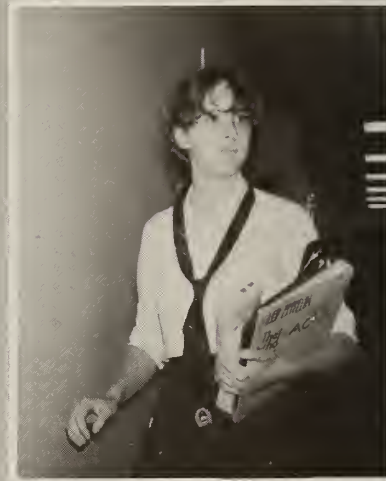
Back Row: Penny Shearson, Carole Burrows, Jill Dingle, Patty Aziz, Cathy Fairbank, Katie Staples, Meg Chisholm, Catherine Needham. Middle Row: Lisa Schultz, Jennifer Priest, Tory Hackett, Genevieve Perron, Erin Finn, Patricia Zingg, Dawn Adlam, Ana Blowes, Stephanie Jeffrey, Patricia Lindsay, Jenny Dulmage, Kirstie Lang, Andrea Wait, Helen Harrison, Lisa Parker. Front Row: Miki Tanabe, Michelle McArthur, Lisa Windeler, Roz Bristoll.  
President: Genevieve Perron  
Secretary-Treasurer: Patricia Zingg



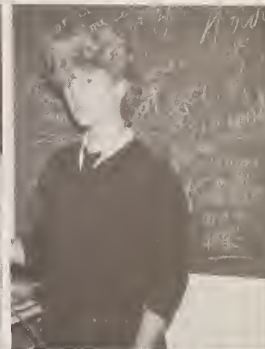
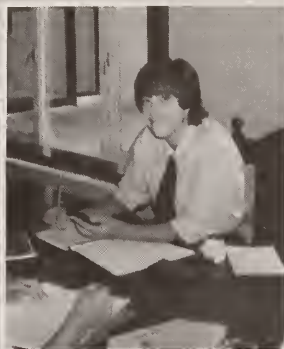


11R13

Back Row: Sarah Robertson, Catriona Padmore, Lisa Piebalgs, Andrea Dinnick, Catherine Strathy, Barbara Hall, Susan Hore, Bronwen Scott, Debbie Farquharson, Jackie Churcher, Victoria Bowman. Middle Row: Susanna Wong, Jane Leckey, Peggy Theodore, Maria Soriano, Heather Massey, Victoria Walker, Caroline Kitchen, Heidi Ambrose, Sarah Barrington, Carrie Cameron, Valerie Fitzgerald, Jennifer McNab, Elizabeth Endean. Front Row: Coreene Gonsalves, Marianne Harwood-Nash, Elizabeth Britnell, Laura Nichols, Megan Long, Josephine Parker  
President: Peggy Theodore  
Secretary-Treasurer: Jackie Churcher



# GRADE TWELVE







### 12R3

Back Row: (Left to Right): Alison Tasker, Kate Dafoe, Marny McMillan, Tara Phillips, Michelle Halbert, Darcy Bett, Heidi Evans, Kim Roberts, Robyn Adderley, Heather Fleming, Christine McCartney. Middle Row: Sheila Graham, Sheila Ross, Laura Loewen, Karen Mooney, Jane Palmer, Carolyn Pollit, Heather Lafleur, Danielle Herde. Front Row: Vicky Turnbull, Elizabeth Dingwall, Kathy Dyba, Isobel Calvin, Margot Ann Barefoot, Jennifer Kim, Wendy Williams, Wendy Webber, Julie Goldgerg. President: Laura Loewen Secretary-Treasurer: Kate Dafoe

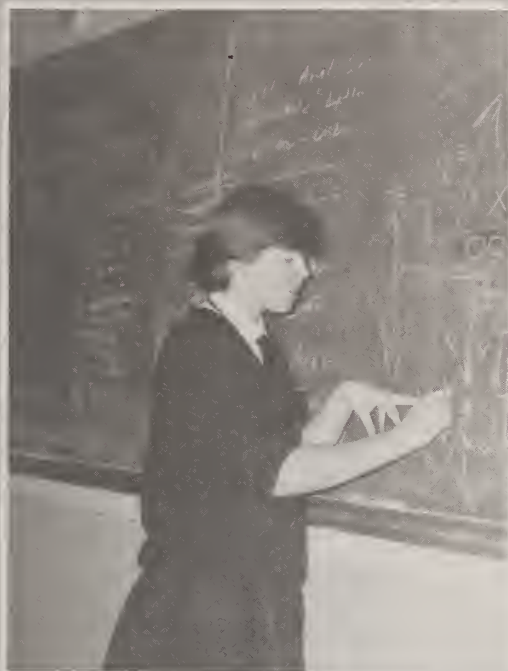


### 12R15

Back Row: Morna Robertson, Cheryl Sasveld, Alison Bartlett, Hayley Wymes, Marcia Hartill, Meg Tyler, Susanne el Baroudi, Mary Boynton, Lauren Papas, Cynthia Goodchild, Cynthia Higgins. Middle Row: Carol Armstrong, Karen Myers, Tessa Griffin, Julie Pollock, Charlene Knaggs, Dianne Hunt, Dianne Daminoff, Diane McNeill. Front Row: Heather Magee, Heather Frise, Penny Pilgrim, Sarah Taylor, Margaret Evans, Susanne Lawson, Jill Wigle. Absent: Jennifer Carscallen, Mary Doran, Laura McElwain. President: Julie Pollock Secretary-Treasurer: Mary Boynton

12R18

Back Row: Katherine Zeidman, Elizabeth Elder, Robyn Ross, Theresa Hoefenmayer, Martha McCarthy, Colleen Doyle, Sally Pitfield, Karen Thomson, Kathryn Kendall.  
 Middle Row: Sandra Herber, Antionette Preudhomme, Alison Ground, Elektra Vrachas, Jennifer Fitzgerald, Valerie Korinek, Lorelei Graham, Emily Stephenson.  
 Front Row: Victoria Peters, Ruth Beatty, Jane Connor, Katherine Barclay, Heather Montgomery, Martha Paisley, Dora Lin, Lisa de Bruin. Absent: Carmen Busquets, Claudia Perez, Sarah Wiley.  
 President: Jane Connor  
 Secretary-Treasurer: Elektra Vrachas





# BHS NEWS 1982-83

## Grade Nine Initiation

On this day at Hall Branksome,  
A bunch of girls from grade 8 had come,  
And with them they brought flashing smiles,  
And different textbooks stacked in piles.  
The Head Girl Sarah; Janice and Jane,  
Said tomorrow shine or rain,  
All grade 9's big and small,  
Had to say backwards Branksome Hall.  
And also backwards they must wear,  
Their nice clean uniforms and their hair.  
And if they did not obey this command,  
A big red 9 on their cheek would land.  
A few of them broke the rule,  
And they were noticed throughout the school,  
A 9 on their cheek wear they may,  
Until 3:30 the end of the day.  
Anxious the grade 9's they were so,  
For after school a' Scavenger Hunting they would go,  
Questions, questions, questions and more,  
Plus very hard riddles, there were four.  
2 days later, there was a swim meet,  
All the clans gathered to see who they could beat!  
Campell came first, MacGregor came last,  
And everyone in between -- they were still fast!  
By Friday morning, we understood,  
The necessity for being good,  
Morning noon and the night,  
We will climb to our height  
'Cause we are here and here to stay,  
Having fun along the way!  
But when WE are prefects we will show,  
Everyone will be backwards WHEREVER they go!!

Joyce Kite, Douglas  
Jane Lockhart, MacGregor

## Mother Daughter Tea

The Mother Daughter Tea of 1982 was a great success. The common room overflowed with all the Branksome girls' mothers. The tea was a unique, socializing gathering and from one hall to another teachers and mothers were introduced and trays of baked delicious baked goods were passed around. The organization of the Parent's Association along with the assistance of the grade twelve servers enabled all to enjoy.

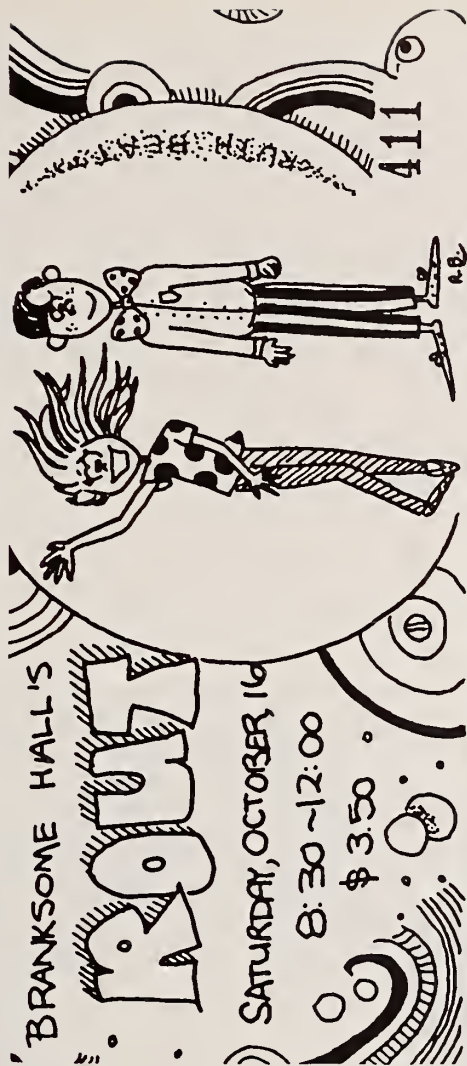
Laurie Lyon



## Ramabai Week

Ramabai Week 1982 was a tremendous success both in the junior and senior schools. Money was raised in many new and original ways but the most popular item was FOOD! There were cookie sales, vegetable and dip sales, ice cream sales and also numerous raffles for candies and gingerbread houses. The grade 13's managed to raise the most money in the senior school with their hot dog lunch and 8r4 raised the most money in the junior school with their circus day. Altogether \$3700 was raised, making this year our best year ever. The money was donated to various charities in and around Toronto and to our foster child in Greece. Thanks go to everyone for their terrific support.

by Jill Curtis



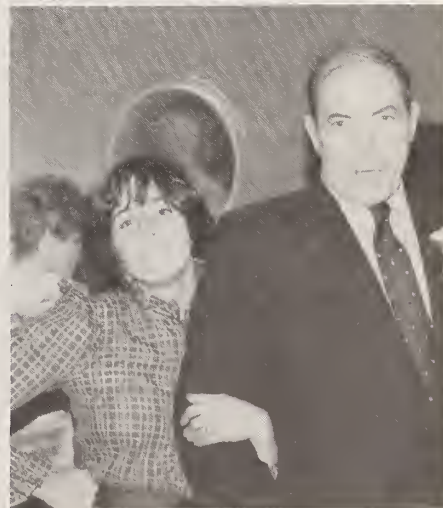
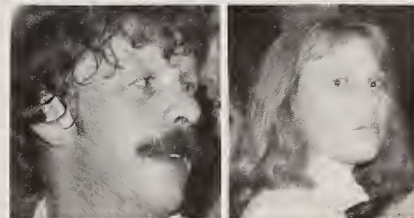
## Ramabai Rout

Word is out that the best school dance of the year was held at Branksome Hall on October 16. The best open dance to date was a tremendous success. The theme of the dance was dots and stripes. Only those dressed according to the theme of the evening were allowed into the dance. Those who weren't allowed into the dance missed a great dance.

Cathy Newman did a fantastic job of organizing the dance. She and her loyal and devoted Beta Kappa staff did a great deal of work on the decorations around the school. The disc-jockey, Burk, played a large variety of music. The dance raised a great deal of money and a minimum of commotion.

## Fifth Annual Father-Daughter Dance

The annual Father-Daughter Dance, held on Friday, December 9th was a great success. Fathers and daughters alike agreed that this was probably one of the best Father-Daughter's that the school has had. Thanks to the prefects for the excellent organizing and the great dance contests. Some finalists included: Linda and Mr. Schabereiter, the Papas trio and Mr. Papas as well as the wild and crazy Sharpes. Congratulations to all the winning fathers and daughters who out-danced hundreds in a variety of dances!





## Remembrance Day

This year we changed the location of our service from the gym to Rosedale Presbyterian Church, just down the street. It was a very pleasant change as the church created a better atmosphere for the service. The school entered to "Blowing in the Wind," which was followed by a few words from Dr. Corbett of the church. Then followed quotations and readings from the prefects, the one minute of silence (after "Day is Done" on the trumpet) and the singing of "Where have all the flowers gone . . ." The short but effective service ended with "O'Canada" and the school exited with "One Tin Soldier" on the flute. The service was short and very meaningful and I hope Branksome continues to hold their services in the Church.

by Maggie Hermant



## Carol Service

On December 12th, 1982 all of The Branksome Community gathered together for the annual Carol service. This year's service was a great success under the leadership of our new choir master, Mr. Bickle. People may ask how this carol service rates with those of past years. I can tell you that it was one of the best so far. Mrs. Willingham once again did a superb job of conducting the Junior School. The senior choir sang beautifully as usual. The finale of the carol service, the pageant, was done extremely well this year. Congratulations to our angels Alison Carr, Ruth Bryden, and Erika Ness; to our shepherds Ginny Kent, Susan Wilson, and Morna Robertson; to our wisemen Patricia Lee, Caird Stewart and Stephanie Churcher and to Julia Weinstein and Carolyn Dyck who portrayed Joseph and Mary. Accompanying the pageant was Bach's traditional "Break Forth." This year it was sung extremely well, in two part harmony. Mr. Bickle is to be congratulated for his hard work. The success of this carol service is proof that hard work paid off for us all.



## Old Girl's Game

Rhonda Reporter



Rhonda Reporter; On November 19, 1982, Branksome hosted its annual Old Girls' Game. As well as enjoying the food, entertainment and excitement of the game, I was treated to a short chat with several Branksome Old girls. Among these ladies I met Marianne Old Girl: R.R. - Marianne, how far have you travelled to be with us this evening?

M.O. - I have travelled many miles across many oceans to reach my old school, Branksome Hall.

R.R. - Tell me, Marianne, did you play in the game?

M.O. - Yes, but the highlight of evening was entertainment. I especially liked the dancing of Vicky B.

R.R. - Yes, but what was the score of the game?

M.O. - Oh, score of the game you ask me? Volleyball you mean. That's a good game, volleyball. We lose the game but the food is good!!

R.R. - Thank you, Marianne. By the way, do you plan to return?

M.O. - I never go back.

By; Wendy Buchanan, Kellie Leman, Beth Burrows, Meredith Cartwright.

## First Student Bazaar

Branksome's Intramural Charity Bazaar: Sift together 1 crazy concept, several enthusiastic committee members, a pinch (a very small pinch) of organization, a tablespoon of clan workshops, a smattering of brightly coloured artistic international decorations, 1/2 a gym of homebaked goods, 1 very large raffle, and 1 gourmet basket sponsored by the teachers. Mix thoroughly forming a gym full of homemade stuffed animals, Christmas decorations, plants, jewellery, stationery, balloons, lemonade, pillows, computer printouts, alumnae, and anything else homemade, homebaked or homegrown! Bake in a B.H.S. gym for three hours one hectic afternoon in November. Invite Mrs. Frankel from the Canadian Cancer Society to taste test, Et Voila!! The first successful Clan charity bazaar.

Thanks to all the enthusiasm and spirit our first bazaar made a total of \$4,000 which will be donated to the Canadian Cancer Society.

Thanks B.H.S. and special thanks to our committee.

Dione Ball, Lindsay Glassco



## Welcome Back

The time has come when those of us in grade 13 must decide what to do next year. An odd mixture of joy and panic set in. University, travel, work, our opportunities are endless. The graduates of 1974 will remember the bewilderment that they faced at this stage of their lives. Under the direction of Susan Dunn, approximately seventeen graduates from 1974 came to speak to the grades 11, 12, 13 on Dec. 1st about their careers. It was a unique opportunity to learn what new job opportunities are developing. One couldn't help but feel a certain sense of pride at seeing these accomplished composed young women. Among the mumblings of the audience was heard "They're ours."

All of the young women seem to have finally found their particular niche. They all seemed to have gained poise and self-confidence during their years of university and travel. Perhaps there is hope, even for the worst of us.

The afternoon was a valuable learning experience. Amidst the scramble to decide what universities to apply to, the graduates offered us some reassurance. Susan Dunn, Miss Healey and Mrs. Bedard should be congratulated for having organized the afternoon. I hope this career day will be the first of many.

Janice Loudon





8:50 a.m.



Maggie Hermant, Communications.

When you walk into prayers each morning, its expected that everything will be set up and ready to go but organizing prayers takes a lot more than most people realize. The people who arrive early everyday and do the least recognized job in the school need thanks. Thanx to Alison McLeod and Carol "Louise" Hood for setting up the screen, doing the lights and clearing the stage. Also, thanx to all those who help with the mike, projector and overheads. Jennifer Fitzgerald is the organized and competent person without whom prayers would never happen.

In prayers we hear speakers on a regular basis. This provides an opportunity for the girls to learn something new that the school curriculum doesn't offer. This year Dr. Churcher spoke on Africa and Professor Hare talked to us about deserts. A representative from The Duke of Edinburgh Awards came to speak to us. Culturally, we were enriched by an Opera workshop.

I hope prayers this year was a good way to start the day. Thanks to everyone!

Love, Maggie



## U.C.C. Serenades



## Out on Their Own

Every aspect of my visit to the Marilyn Brooks Fashion loft was enjoyable. The loft gave the feeling that I was in New York City with all the designs, photographs, posters and the beautiful clothes. The people were informative, full of great stories and receptive to our questions. I learned some important facts that will aid me a great deal someday.

Thank you Mr. Booth, for arranging an exciting day and thank you, Louise, for making it exciting.

Carolyn Pollitt



## The Formal-“Tophat”

THE BRANKSOME HALL FORMAL  
HELD ON FEBRUARY, 26, 1983  
AT THE SAINT LAWRENCE HALL  
WAS A GREAT SUCCESS  
THE MUSIC, FOOD AND ATMOSPHERE  
ALL COMPLIED TO MAKE  
ONE OF THE BEST FORMAL DANCES  
BRANKSOME HAS EVER HAD.  
THANKS AND RECOGNITION  
MUST GO TO, CATHY NEWMAN,  
PAM VAN STRAUBENZEE AND  
MILIE BAYLY.



## Grad Formal '83

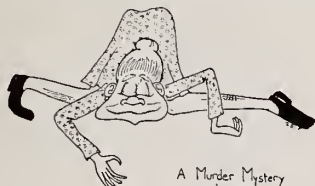
The Slogan Staff apologises for any possible inconvenience caused by this, but because the Grad Formal is on June 10th, we request that the reader fills in the appropriate details pertinent to the case in question.

On June 10th 1983 the Grad Formal was held at the Old Mill. Janice Loudon's party was an absolute . . . Too bad . . . and . . . never made it. Everyone had beautiful dresses . . . and . . . had Laura Ashley originals. The big surprise was . . . and . . . who wore . . .

At the dance, . . . and . . . announced their engagement. The dinner was . . . to say the least. The band was a real . . . experience . . . and . . . seemed to find the floor extremely slippery and kept . . . . . spilt . . . on . . . 's dress and . . . threw the punch bowl on . . . 's date. Mrs. and Mr. . . . , the chaperones, looked like they were having a . . . time.

Thanks to Ginny and Cathy for organizing a fantastic dance.

## Witness for the Prosecution



A Murder Mystery  
by Agatha Christie  
presented by The Branksome Hall Drama Club

“Witness for the Prosecution,” this year's Drama Club production, was a great success. The girls managed to produce a very exciting and enjoyable play. Many long, hard hours of memorization and practice went into this production. It was most enjoyable to watch. Congratulations to Martha McCarthy and Mrs. Smith.

## Camera Crew Visits Branksome Cupid and the Girls

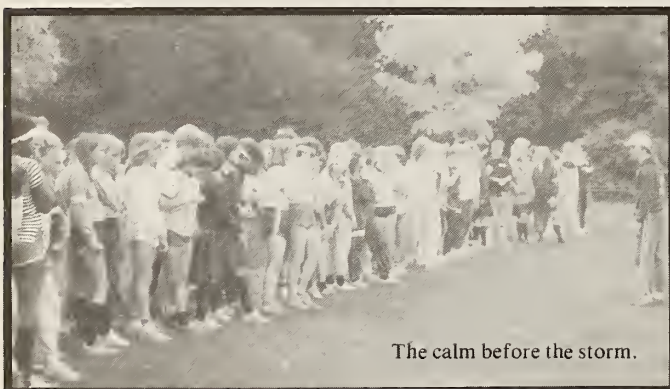
In February the CBC did a six minute documentary on Branksome's Amnesty International Chapter. Filming took place in the common room. The members discussed their personal feelings as Amnesty members. A released prisoner of conscience also participated in the filming and told a story so moving that it strengthened many girl's convictions concerning the worthiness of the group. The documentary will be a part of a show which focuses on the interest of youths across Canada. This was a worthwhile experience for our Amnesty Chapter.

For Valentine's Day, anyone in the school could send the boy of her choice - (providing he went to U.C.C., St. George's, St. Mike's, St. Andrew's or Crescent) a carnation for Valentine's Day. Two hundred and fifty-five were sold giving Amnesty International a grand total of \$352 profit.



# CLAN SCRAPBOOK

School  
starts..  
the  
BIG  
debut!  
Oct/8.



The calm before the storm.



Yup - that's me!

The Clan Run - a marathon to many!



\*SPIRIT\* week



Clan Sports - knock 'em dead!



clan baking contest....  
Be it resolved that  
CLANS ARE FUN!!



Thank Martha!

after the gathering!!

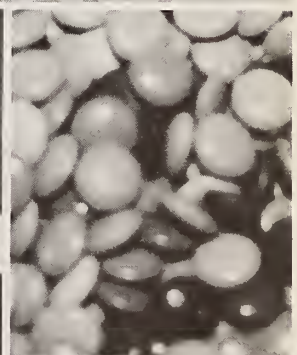


# FASHIONS





# FRIENDS..





# The Young and The Restless - Branksome Desks Tell All

CAROL,  
HE'S FIVE  
ELEVEN, DARK  
CURLY HAIR, NICE  
CHEEKBONES,  
GREYISH "FLAPPY  
DOG EYES", NICE  
AQUA LINE NOSE!  
PRETTY NICE  
EH!!  
Wily.

Lily,  
Sounds good!!  
What's his  
personality like?  
Is he fun?  
Have a good  
sense of humour,  
I mean really,  
these are important  
qualities, don't  
you think?

CAROL,  
HE HAS AVERAGE  
INTELLIGENCE, HAS A  
VERY GOOD SENSE OF  
HUMOUR AND LOVES TO  
HAVE A GOOD TIME. WE  
KNOW EACH OTHER VERY  
WELL FROM THE  
SUMMER. I REALLY  
HOPE HE ASKS ME ON  
A DATE THIS WEEKEND  
BYE FOR NOW,  
Wily.

Melinda,  
I didn't  
mean for  
Cari to get  
mad at you,  
sorry. Like,  
what are  
you wearing  
to the dance  
tonite?

Pippa  
😊

Carol

Pippa, I don't  
know what  
am wearing!!  
Last year the  
boys stood  
on one side  
and the girls  
on the other  
and we just  
stared!!  
Mel.

GINNY,  
WHY DID  
YOU PHONE  
HIM AT  
LUNCH?  
WHAT WERE  
YOU GOING TO  
SAY TO HIM?  
WHAT GRATE  
IS HE IN?  
LIBBY.

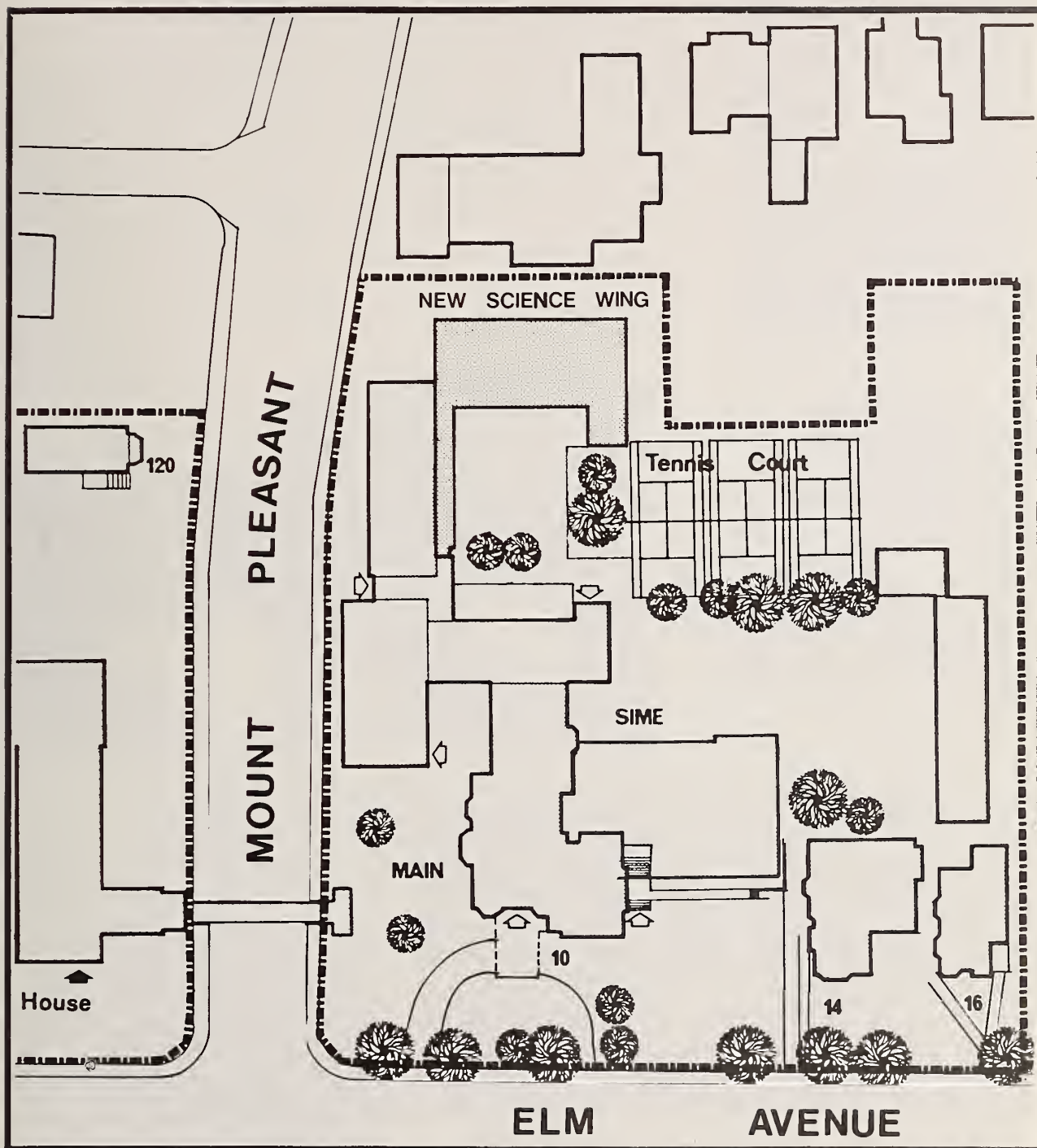
Melinda, oh my  
gosh! sounds so  
boring! I hear  
they're picky about  
shoes. Are my  
clocksiders  
passable? I  
hope so.  
See ya  
tonight!!  
Pippa  
😊

Like a guy so much and  
you just want to talk to  
him and see him, but you  
have huge amounts of  
homework and tests!! Jan.  
JAN, I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU  
ARE FEELING BECAUSE I AM FEELING  
EXACTLY THE SAME WAY. DO YOU AND  
PETER WANT TO GO TO THE TEMPLE  
THING ON FRIDAY WITH ME AND  
JIM? WRITE BACK  
SUE.

Libby, I phoned him  
at lunch to ask him if he would  
phone the school and tell them I  
had a dentist appointment. I'm  
glad he wasn't home because  
I probably would have been  
caught. Can you imagine? I'd  
be grounded for a month.  
I would DIE!!!  
Gini.

# Branksome's New Wing Updates

## Science Facilities





## The Art of Slogan Signing

Certainly there is an art to putting one's feelings down on paper in a compact space, allotted only a small amount of time. Rumour has it that the best of Branksome's signers plan ahead, while others believe strongly in fresh spur of the moment talent. Whatever the case may be, there are still some of us who can never think of anything to write, and because of this, I myself have already spent a great many nights awake worrying. After great consideration I have written to Ann Landers and she has, in her usual loving, caring manner, sent us a copy of her own personal Year Book signing Formula, for three different personalities. So this year all you have to do is pick out the one that best suits you and your friends' purposes. Good luck and good signing!

### BORING RUN OF THE MILL SERIES:

Dear Susan,

It certainly has been a fun filled year and one that I will always remember. Do you remember the time we came home from school together? You really are funny! I hope we get to be better friends next year. Have a good summer.

Love, Jenny.

### FRIENDLY SERIES: ROWDY PERSONALITY:

Dear Liverlis, (girl's nickname)

It certainly has been a party-packed year, and one our horoscopes predicted. Remember the time we egged your friend's house? Or the time we ate four litres of German Chocolate Cake ice cream? You really have taught me to be obnoxious! I hope you pick up lots of guys this summer. Have a glass of champagne for me at your Great Aunt's wedding. Stay cool.

Love 'n' Hugs, Pickles.

### UNFRIENDLY SERIES: BLATANT PERSONALITY:

Dear Fatso,

It certainly has been a terrible year and one that no one could ever forget. Do you remember the time you got kicked out of class when I was talking? Or remember the time I set your hair on fire with a bunsen burner? You really do have a big nose. Have a good walk home, but watch out for my big hit men. Go play in the traffic. Later for you - much.

Sincerely, Anon.

by Martha McCarthy.



is in. If used, mascara is in such colours as purple, green, red, ad nauseam.

In conclusion, I would like to review some of the guidelines which the Branksome trendy adheres to: Cowboys boots are out, flat heels are in. Long hair is out, short hair is in. Metallics are out, Bugut colours are in. Knitting sweaters is in, macramaing belts is out. Attending Branksome is in, anyone who takes this article seriously is out.

## Trials and Tribulations of a Branksome Trendy

Preppies: There are two types of preppies, the true bloods and the pseudos. The true bloods are those who are born preppies. They were preppies even before Lisa Burnbach wrote **THE PREPPY HANDBOOK**. They regard this book as amusing because of the numerous similarities between them and their American counterparts. For these girls preppy is not only "in" but is a way of life.

The pseudo preppy has just recently emerged in the past few years as a result of the popularity of **THE PREPPY HANDBOOK**. She regards this manual as a preppy bible, judiciously referring to it, to solve such dilemmas as "the merits of penny loafers vs. docksiders."

Another interesting trend is the use of styling gel which seems to defy Newton's Laws of Gravity

while at the same time keeping short hair slick but slightly crispy.

Scarves are widely used at BHS, not to protect the throat but merely as an heroic attempt to look mod. Scarves pop up in a multitude of colours, fabrics and shapes.

The mention of scarves brings us to coats. Because of the longevity of the Canadian winters a Branksome student invests in an expensive coat. The most trendy styles seem to be half length in suede, leather, and wool. Fur is thought to be too ostentatious.

Although make-up is minimal, it is used. Pink lipstick, reminiscent of Doris Day and the sixties, is extremely popular. Eyeshadow is out and eye pencil

# BOARDING

## Head of Residence

Boarding life? Well, what can I say? We should all experience it. It has its difficult times and its pressured ones but most of all are FUN times. Living like one big happy family in our home away from home.

Friends can become enemies, or they can become like treasured jewels - living with people "ain't" always easy.

Our fun times include endless phone lineups, typical residence

food and stimulating study periods.

Each house is known for its own specific traits - McNeill - backgammon - Ainslie - their private backyard - Sherbourne - our little sisters and Buccleuch - the rebels!

Count downs begin, tearful farewells, no sooner are we gone then we anxiously await our next year in boarding for the GOOD times!

Love always, Shoba.



Dean of Residence: Mrs. Lloyd.



From left to right: Standing: Mrs. Kaur, Mrs. Diamond, Miss Trunks, Miss House, Ms. Brice. Sitting: Miss Zielinski, Miss Friend, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Glancy.



# Buccleuch

We come from everywhere. This year in Buccleuch there are six argonauts from Toronto. We're sure they'd rather be argos than little eskimos. From the Great White North eh! are, C. Cameron, D. Perron, L. Downing, M. Adshade, P. Smith. They find the city a little warm. When they built their igloos to live in for the winter they melted. Winters, however, are not on the favourite side of our Islanders. The Mitchells, W. Frith, G. Smith, R. Bradshaw, N. Coury, M. Chandiramani, are most likely to be found sitting in a straw hut on a island listening to Rita Marley with a five way extension telephone line. S. Northgrave is our European pal-Da Da Da by Trio.

We move farther away to a different lifestyle. We meet Y. Khoo, Y. Kashu, A. Chan in Hong Kong, Singapore, and Japan.

To move further away we come across A. McArthur and S. Dyack from Saudi Arabia who really understand the meaning of hot.

But there is a parallel for all of us. We're all members of Buccleuch and have been involved in various theme dinners, visits to old age homes, volunteer work and modern dance classes for those dieters on the J.F. workout who don't even forget to make it burn. On a serious tone we all really appreciate the mellow, hard back dispositions of our Housemoms Misses Zoo and Conlin "Don't it always seem to go, you don't know what you've got till its gone." Joni Mitchell.

All the best,  
lots of love,  
Angie McArthur and Linda Alexanian



# Sherborne

Sherborn House is the youngest house in boarding; it contains grades 4 to 8. This is only the second year Sherborne has been in residence and unlike any other houses, we are just starting our history and tradition. The daily routine is usually school, study, dinner, pizza, telephone calls, music, parties, T.V., and much more, but the only thing that makes Sherborne is the people. We have 16 great gals who can do anything the other houses can do, but better. I wish everybody the best in future years and I'll see you next year.

Tracey Soodeen  
Heather Angus





# Ainslie

Most Likely to:

Roz: To be headmistress at Branksome Hall.

Lisa W.: To take up a collection.

Genevieve: To be trampled by a "polo" pony.

Melinda: To be eaten by an alligator.

Coreene: To O.D. on toast and bacon.

Wendy Webber: To drown doing the back stroke.

Michelle: Have her own version of the Jane Fonda L.P.

Pam: To marry Prince Andrew.

Margaret: To tie shoe laces for the Harlem Globe trotters.

Bonnie, Jeannette, Susanna: To be the first triamese triplets.

Dawn: Start a Rush fan club in Mongolia.

Wendy Williams: To jog around around the world and be back for dinner.

Antoinette: To be a Brooke Shield's replacement.

Mitzi: To dye her hair pink.

Kathy: To be an "ALL AMERICAN HOUSE WIFE."

Claudia: To have the most.

Jennifer: To be endlessly complaining.

Heather: At age 75 still attend Glen Barnard camp reunions.

Patricia: Start a tupperware collection.

Ana: To go grey.

Danielle: To marry her hairdresser.

Lisa: To be her bridesmaid.

Erin: To be Mike Jagger's girlfriend.

Miss House: To be watching "old movies."

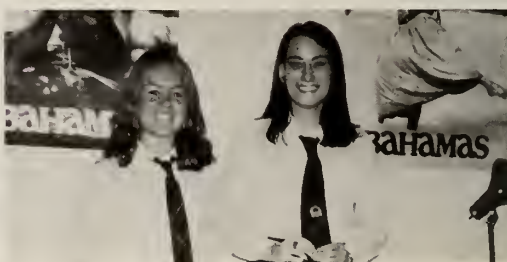
Mrs. Glancy: To live forever.

Mrs. Hay: To be retired in Lake Placid.

Good Luck All.

Be Good.

Erin and Genevieve



# MacNeill

Different people from different countries and different families thrown together into a house at 6 Elm Avenue in September, graduate in June with a special added touch to their years at Branksome.

Card games, water fights, dinner leaves, late night gab sessions, close friends, the list grows longer as the year goes on. Boarding is a special aspect that only 1/4 of BHS students know. Thanks, Housemothers! Ellen Green.





## Office Staff



Front Row: Mrs. Margot Leman, Mrs. Peggy Emery, Miss Shirley Duperley, Mrs. Kay Adams. Back Row: Mrs. Pat Hunt, Mrs. Phyllis Ralph, Mr. Keith Sharpe.

## Nurses



Mrs. Muriel MacDonald and Mrs. Mary Hughes.

## Workmen



Mr. Ray Savoie, Mr. Jack Preston and Mr. Jack Ramsden.



JUNIOR SCHOOL



# MISS BROUGH

In June 1982, sixteen girls represented the school at the C.I.J.S., summer games in Belleville. The girls were fantastic for they were placed first overall, having set new records, participated in all events, and after five gruelling days of competition still managed to smile and laugh.

The extracurricular programme is most active. Student interest and participation are at a high level.

Our annual trips to Washington, Quebec, Ottawa, Harbourfront, Pioneer Village and the Art Gallery, (to name just a few) have been most successful. My thanks to the staff for arranging such exciting and varied programmes.

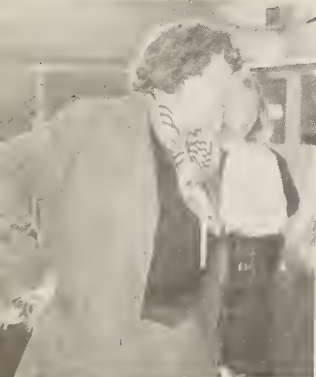
A special "thank you" to Lisa, our very own prefect, whose boundless energy, new ideas and organization have helped make this year a very happy one.

The Junior School officers have done an outstanding job for us. They have kept the spirit of the school at a very high level throughout the year. Thank you, girls!

Affectionately,  
Dorothy Brough

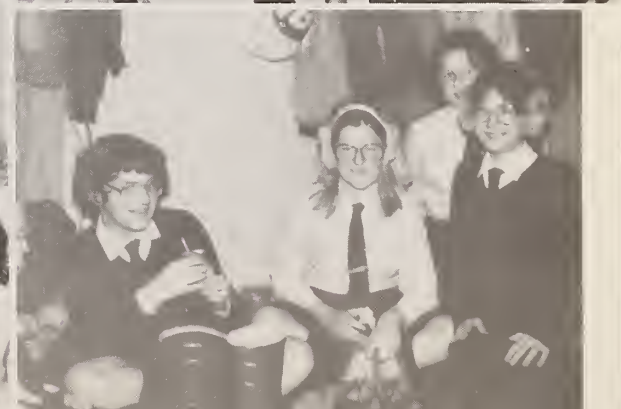


## STAFF





# LOOK MUFFY, A SCHOOL FOR US!





# LISA

On my first day in the Junior School this year I found myself greeted by many new smiling faces. I was soon to find that behind those smiles lay a lot of enthusiasm and school spirit.

Early in the fall I was attacked by 20 screaming girls who quickly established the fact that, yes, I, too, wear bloomers. It was then that I knew that the year would be full of surprises.

Spirit week, Ribbit's birthday and the big sister - little sister luncheons were only a few of the very successful activities which helped make the year great. The Junior School section of the "Kilt Press" appeared for the first time this year, proving that not all the talent of Branksome Hall lies on the other side of Mt. Pleasant Road.

I would like to thank the entire school for their support and enthusiasm. A special thanks must also go to the chieftains, Lorna, Andrea my note carrier, Miss Brough and all the teachers whose help I couldn't have done without.

Thank you everyone. You made my year great and I hope you enjoyed it too.

Love,  
Lisa



# LORNA



I would like to thank all the students for such great participation in all the activities that were offered. Even though the grade one's, two's and three's could not participate in playing the games, they were a great group of cheerleaders. The activities varied from cooking club to basketball. There was a great turnout at every activity, especially at clan games.

I also would like to thank all the teachers, especially Mrs. Smith and Miss Brough, for hosting Monday morning meetings. Mrs. Gorgievski also deserves a great amount of thanks for organizing the clan games and for helping me do my job.

I would like to congratulate the thirteen and under basketball team for being undefeated in the tough challenges they received.

Thank you everyone,  
Lorna

# CLANS

## Robertson

We hope your year was as great as ours was. We have more spirit than any other clan; we know we do.

Thanks, Robertson,  
You're terrific,  
Lisa and Susie

## Fraser

Thanks a lot for the great year. You were a really enthusiastic clan with lots of participation. Good luck next year, and remember we're # 1.

Steph and Steph

## Johnson

Johnson, you were great. Your spirit and enthusiasm were super. We hope that you enjoyed this year as much as we did. Good luck to you next year.

Catherine and  
Stephanie



## Grant

Congratulations, Grant, on a fantastic year with super spirit. Good luck in the years to come.

Love,  
Rebecca and  
Alyson

## Bruce

To the clan that's number one, Bruce. Thanks for an amazing year full of participation, enthusiasm and spirit. Congratulations.

Brigitte and  
Cathy

## Duncan

We have had a terrific year and hope you have too. Everyone showed a lot of spirit and supported us all the way along. Keep up the good work.

Tally and  
Gabrielle



# CLASSES

## Grade 8



R3, Back: Mrs. Willingham, Anna Christina Carlson, Catherine Milne, Stephanie Beamish, Sara Anne Cooper, Kimberley Korinek, Vanessa Wise, Rebecca Woods, Lisa Riley, Katy MacNaughton, Mme. Dean. Middle: Mary McClenaghan, Adrienne Soles, Anne Roe, Heather Angus, Tracey Soodeen, Fiona Kilby, Jean Pritchard, Claire Moorson, Susie Edney, Stephanie Carter. Front: Clare Vander Meersh, Lisa Brown, Rosemary Lawson, Danielle Kuczer, Nicole Lehoczky, Michelle Joseph, Joanna Bancroft.







R4, Back: Mrs. Thomson, Danielle Holmes, Ania Rossocki, Suzy McMeans, Tara Blakely, Susie Kirkland, Gabrielle MacIntire, Claire Prendergast, Karen Redford, Jenny Muirhead-Gould. Middle: Jenny Karsh, Alyson Wilson, Stephanie Garrow, Stephanie Gilbert, Nasim Mawji, Hilary Wells, Heather Cartwright, Tracy Montgomery, Kathy Wood. Front: Becky Adamson, Avery Bassett, Namrita Kohli, Andrea Papas, Shelagh Grant, Brigitte Kopas, Andrea Franks.



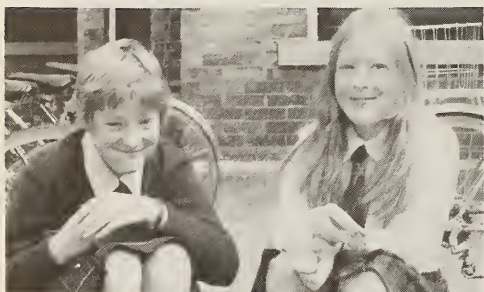
R7, Back: Catherine Matthews, Tanya Evans, Lisa Hogg, Colleen McCutcheon, Eleni Gicas, Melissa Manley, Stephanie Nobbs, Hope Nightingale, Anne Le Sueur. Middle: Tally Chamberlin, Chantal Coury, Jennifer Graybill, Susie Parker, Janet Richardson, Heather Gellatly, Lorna Wilson, Helen Bredin, Ann Marie Heinrichs. Front: Stephanie Wait, Samantha Patton, Sooki Allen, Alison Deere, Louise Harwood-Nash, Mary Hermant, Holly Jamieson.





## Grade 7

7R8 Back: Melissa Feldman, Cindy Craig, Mrs. Smith, Heather Ferguson, Alexis Thomson, Jane Taylor, Sarah Davidson, Debbie Humeniuk. Middle: Samantha McDonnell, Raquel Radley, Karin Hoerrner, Lisa Gibson, Meredith Shaw, Carmen Plesse, Andrea Gare, Deirdre Hughes, Louise Blundell, Tracey Bochner. Front: Consuelo Jackman, Susan Laine, Kim Buzacott, Melony Jamieson, Betsy Brown, Clara Yee, Jennifer Booth. Absent: Barbara Brown.







7R9, Back: Mrs. Provan, Allison Zwingenberger, Jennifer Griffiths, Leslie Scott, Sarah Chapple, Jenny Purves, Sally Oughtred, Pippa Aird, Lara Volgyesi, Tammy Lang. Middle: Marilyn Price, Mairi-Ann Padmore, Patsy Smith, Jennifer Kellie, Kelly Dobbin, Robin Taylor, Debra Katz, Nicole Mekinda. Front: Lisa Collins, Lisa Hand, Carolyn Dennis, Margot Humphrey, Heather Shaw. Absent: Katherine Little.

7R10, Back: Jennifer Kirshner, Tara Patton, Bonnie McKinnon, Tory Barton, Pauline Wait, Heather Warren, Noreen Ahmed-Ullah, Mrs. Chilton. Middle: Vanessa Irwin, Laura Murray, Caroline Cumming, Melanie Bright, Wendy Clubb, Gigi Worts, Caroline Shier, Noelle McLeish, Jana Whitworth, Sarah Garrow. Front: Helga Martinez, Lisa Gilmer, Jenny Stephenson, Joanna Kirkland, Phoebe Ryder, Amy Davis, Catherine Moore.





## Grade 6



Back: Mrs. Sharpe, Ali Bramson, Carrie O'Neill, Stephanie Florian, Tashie Perrin, Tracy Oyba, Stacy Begg, Michelle McMurray, Jill Kirchmann, Andrea Green. Middle: Michelle Fortnum, Sheila McRea, Sally Armstrong, Allison Andrus, Kim Allen, Nancy Kitchen, Aisha Bicknell, Alana Copps, Tristen Bakker, Lara Goldsack. Front: Allyson Kovas, Linda Wulkan, Anji Tomlinson, Kyra Field, Yasmin Abdullah, Vanessa Avruskin, Amanda Russell.



## Grade 5



Back: Anna Bentley-Taylor, Mandy Hopkins, Samantha McLaren, Sarah Woolford, Jenny Kerbel, Blena Floros, Alexandra Birnie, Mrs. Clare. Middle: Alison Booth, Victoria Murray, Sarah Hull, Jessica Goldberg, Fiona Griffiths, Genevieve Dalglish, Sacha Powell, Andalieb Williamson, Siobhan Barry. Front: Wendy Tidy, Amy Pritz, Lindsay Oughtred, Nathalie Butterfield, Sarah Martin, Jennifer Scarlett, Kerry Walsh. Absent: Amanda Hopkins.





## Grade 4



Back: Rachel Hendrie, Gail Goldsack, Michelle McKinnon, Wendy Bennett, Lisa Tweedy, Susanne Currie, Sarah Bennetts, Alison Borrajo, Sasha Seymour, Mrs. Wayne. Front: Kathleen Williams, Caro Angus, Whitney Westwood, Gillian Avruskin, Martha Blakely, Jessica Smith, Kelly Burgess, Bronwen Gush, Samantha Bramson, Jenny Workman.

Back: Nickie Hawke, Becky Kinton, Lisa Le Francois, Erin Heintzman, Shannon Hardie. Middle: Lynda Collins, Jessica Joss, Sarah Kellie, Eva Berka, Caroline Hepfer, Jennifer Commins, Anita Permanand, Natalie Munk. Front: Alexandra Ejlerskov, Jenny Burgess, Hilary Burt, Mrs. Beamish, Olivia Barry.

## Grade 3





## Grade 2

Back: Heather Bennetts, Miki Yatsuka, Sandrine Gros D'Aillon, Francoise Ko, Christina Farkas, Margot Leggett, Yana LeFrancois, Lindsay Norberg, Alex Cragg, Front: Jeanette Seymour, Nicole Rowe, Ashley Dunn, Jodi Sharp, Margot Massie, Miss Kane, Daphne Anastassiadis



## Grade 1

Back: Heather Proctor, Daphne Nesbitt, Middle: Jenny Hyatt, Verena Graf, Ellie Hawke, Meling Von Mottke-Pao, Carolyn Laing, Cheyne Munk, Cory Freeman, Michelle Giroux, Chrissie Burgess, Front: Kathy Lawrie, Amy Greyson, Emily Dyer, Robin Hopkins. Teacher: Mrs. Brown.



# Kindergarten

Back: Nickie Nickson, Marie-Anne Levitt, Caroline May, Martha Rahilly, Emily McMehen, Michael Fitzgerald, 2nd row: Stephanie Thompson, Jennifer Longe, Patrick Tingley, Emily Deacon, Victoria May, Stephanie Lee, Philippa Stetham, 3rd row: Paige Moore, Emma Norton, Katherine Nobregg, 4th row: Mrs. Medland, Mrs. Worsley, 5th row: Anjali Mazumder, Sarah Linnett, Aisling Yoeman, Rowen Paul, Jennifer Massie, Front: Khristen Norberg, Delayne Austin.



Adrienne Soles  
Robertson  
8rs

## J.S. LITERARY

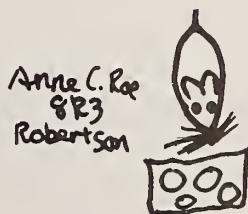
### Be Brave But Don't Turn Around

I turned around. The air was fumed with smoke and my mouth had a foamy ring of lather around the edges of my lips. The vociference of the air was terrible. My ears were hurting like the beating of the jets soaring out of the sky. Suddenly, my companion was screaming. I started running; I ran and ran. Suddenly silence broke and there was no feeling in me. There is no one here! Where am I? Who am I? Help; please don't leave me, please! There is the memory of families and the memories that the soldiers lost. On the 11th day of the 11th month, we remember the soldiers who died for freedom. So weep, soldiers, because of the hell and the deaths. Remember, those who live on, the consequences and the frightening terror the soldiers endured.

By Samantha McLaren



Sarah  
8r 4



Anne C. Roe  
8R3  
Robertson

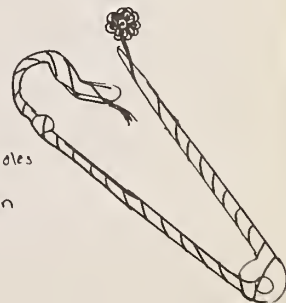
### I Had A Little Puppy

I had a little puppy,  
His name was Honeybun,  
He ran about and chased his tail,  
And had a lot of fun.  
He chewed my brother's slippers,  
And licked my sister's doll,  
He tore my Daddy's E.C.G.'s;  
He was not good at all.

The only useful thing he did  
Was make a lot of noise.  
He barked and growled;  
He sniffed and howled,  
And scared off men and boys.

Although he's bad, it would be sad  
If we had to let him go.  
When he licks my nose  
And chews my toes,  
I really love him so.

By Anna Bentley-Taylor



Adrienne Soles  
8rs  
Robertson



## CURIOSITY!

Toby the cat gazed longingly at the goldfish. He had never seen such shimmering, glistening creatures. He loved the way they darted swiftly between the swaying green plants in the fish tank. He longed to dip his paw in the cool water where the fish wiggled so busily.

Toby was in the doctor's waiting room, waiting for his mistress, Miss Fussypeg, who had come to visit her favorite physician, Dr. Ram-bottom. They had already had to wait a rather long time as the waiting room was crammed with people, and Toby was feeling rather bored. Now that Miss Fussypeg had gone into the examining room he was at least relieved that there was no one to fuss with his bow. Now he was free to turn his attention fully to the fascinating goldfish. The more he looked at the fish tank, the more tempted he felt. Suddenly, he could resist it no longer. He crouched down low, his tail twitching, and got ready to spring. Before anybody was aware of what was about to happen, suddenly there was a resounding CRASH! Glass shattered everywhere, water cascaded down the necks of unfortunate patients. There was a series of yells punctuated by high pitched screams, but before anybody had recovered from his shock, Toby was down the passage and onto the street with six fishies going slish . . . slash . . . slish . . . slash . . . in his tummy. That was Toby's last visit to the doctor's office.

By Anna Bentley-Taylor, Gr. 5

### Andaliew



### THE UNICORN

Graceful  
Gallant  
Swift  
and  
Beauteous  
Gentle  
Kind  
and  
Loveable  
The Unicorn.

by Samantha  
McLaren

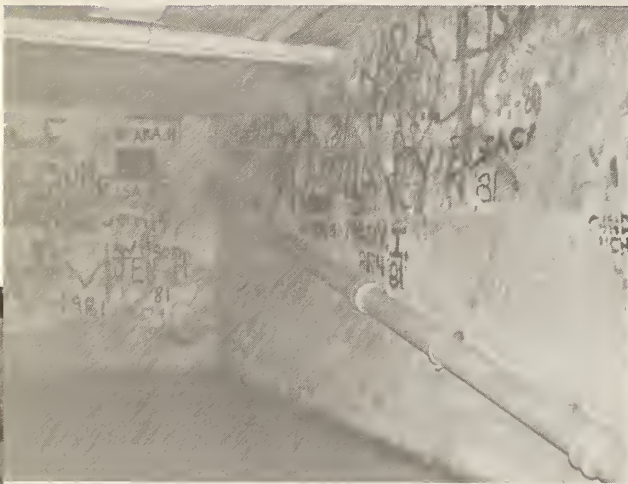


Samantha McLaren

### YELLOW

Yellow, yellow is a good colour.  
Yellow, yellow is a colour  
That's new.  
Yellow, yellow is like the sun  
But pink and red do not make one.

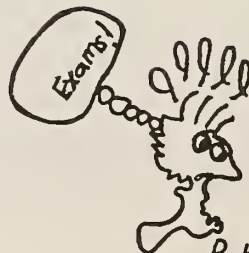
By Gillian AvRuskin



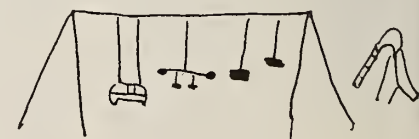
### EXAMS

Now I lay me down to study,  
I Pray the Lord I don't go nutty.  
If I die before I'm done  
Please, Don't let Miss Brough give me a detention.  
Tell the teachers I've done my best  
And lay my books upon my chest.  
When my bones disintegrate  
Please, let my books be mate.

By Cindy Craig, Gr. 7



Robertson  
Amy F 5R5



Gail Goldsack

## P.E.I. POTATOES

In the day of the French, pioneers grew potatoes to supply the soldiers at Fort Louisbourg. The potatoes grew well on the newly cleared land in the rich red soil. The moderate climate allowed plenty of time for the potatoes to grow big. The Irish, who ate a lot of potatoes, came to Canada around 1830. This made the Island potato crop even more popular. Also, farms in P.E.I. began to sell their potatoes to the New England States.

Because P.E.I. is an island, it is mostly free of pests and diseases which attacked crops on the mainland. Due to this, in 1916 a seed potatoes program was started. Different types of potatoes were grown, not to be eaten, but to be used to seed farm fields in other parts of the country. This program has helped produce better potatoes everywhere and P.E.I. farmers cannot sell as many fresh potatoes. To solve this problem, P.E.I. now has a large industry in canning and freezing potatoes. When they make french fries for freezing, the leftovers are used to make instant mashed potatoes.

You can now understand why Prince Edward Island is nicknamed "Spud Island."

By Jessica Joss, Gr. 3

## MY PLANT



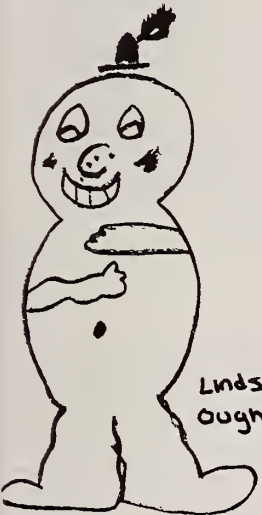
Brigitte Kopas

## SPRING

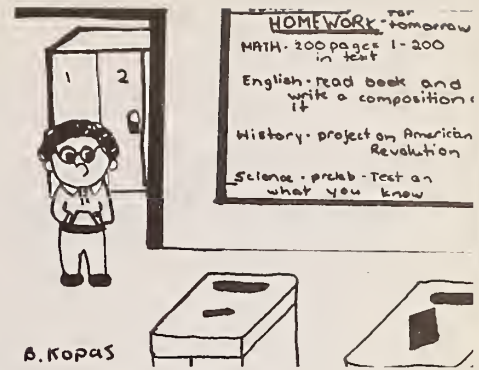
Spring is for daisies and  
buttercups too,  
While winter is fun for  
having with you.

By Andalieb

## Snozel



Lindsay  
Oughtred



B. Kopas

## TABLE MANNERS

I lick my knife,  
I slurp my spaghetti,  
I bubble my milk,  
As soon as I'm ready.

My Mum and Dad  
Send me up to bed,  
With pictures of food,  
And a fork in my head.

I dream of the food  
I'll steal in the night  
If my Mum and Dad hear me,  
They'll turn out the light.

I'll have sugar and spice,  
Cake and jam,  
Because everything nice,  
Is what I am.

By Siobhan Barry



Lisa  
LeFrancis

## COPES

If you cope with your hopes,  
Happy days will come inside you.

By Bronwen

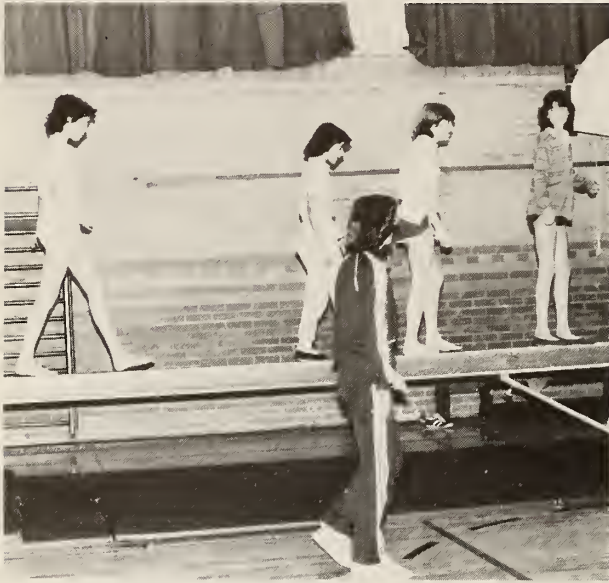


A. Booth

## CHEESE ATTACK



## EXTRA-CURRICULAR





## MONDAY

### Choir



### Computer Club



### French Club

(right)



## TUESDAY

### Debating



### Basketball





## WEDNESDAY



Band and  
Recorder

(left)



Cross  
Country

## THURSDAY

Drama



Madrigals

Gymnastics

Team (below, left)





FRIDAY



Chamber Choir



Gr. 7 Choir



Library Club

Cooking Club



Swim Team

Badminton Team





# EVENTS







# GRADS





PAMELA AD SHADE: 1976-1983.  
Bruce-Ross.

My experiences with Branksome are many: boarding-living in all four houses, Mrs. Hay's famous trips, NY trip, fashion show; RB, RLB, SW, BB, CD, RCS. "My interest is in the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life there." Good-bye B.H.S., Thanks Mom and Dad.



NAHID AHMAD: 1982-1983.  
Maclean.

My first year at B.H.S. It's a great school and many new friends were made. Physics tests and 12 a.m. fire drills will not be forgotten. Don't ever let go of those dreams. Tomorrow always comes. Thanks Mom and Dad.



CAROLINE (COCO) AMARDEIL:  
1982-1983.

Ross.  
McNeill, sports, long d. calls, new friends, missed M., D., and old amigos. "What do you mean to do?" - T. Hardy. "This will never do." - E. Jeffrey. "I do it more natural." - W. Shakespeare. "Don't tread on me." Anonymous. DE DO DO DO . . . DE DA DA DA. The Police.



CLAIRE ANGUS: 1981-1983.  
Ross.

Alumnae Rep., L. Placid, fig N. and tea bag wars, Chalk R., singing in the streets, Mariposa, Basketball, Baseball, Bazaar and food (D. on a stick). I was here for a good time not a long time but I've only just begun. C.M., D.B. Thanks M. and D. Bye Branksome.





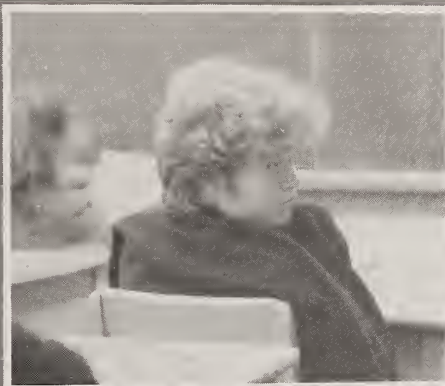
**DENISE FRANCIS ARANA: 1979-1983.**  
MacLean.  
"Climb every mountain, search every sea,  
follow every footstep, till you find your  
dream." Faith, Charity and Hope.  
Thanks Branksome for four great years.  
Good-bye for now. We shall always be  
together, 3 D's, BJ, SC, EN, MK. Thanks  
Fuds and Ozka for your great support.



**DIONE BALL: 1976-80, 1982-83.**  
Scott.  
Bazaar, D. on a stick, The R'82-After,  
Montreal, Forever, Piano spares, Never  
will forget - A.C., S.G., C.A., P.V.S.  
Thanques with love Beach and Gord,  
W.D. "I am a great believer in luck and I  
find the harder I work the more I have of  
it." - Leacock. L.C. and H.R.



**BONNIE BARNES: 1978-1983.**  
Maclean.  
Boarding, Volleyball, Hockey, Baseball,  
Soccer, House President. Friends forever,  
CS, BLB, PA, RB, EG, CD. The pages  
may yellow, the ink may fade, but  
nothing will happen to the memories I've  
made. Memories: Car 5101, Outback,  
Lake Placid, New York. Bye B.H.S.  
Thanks Mom and Dad.



**MARY G. BARTLETT: 1976-1983.**  
Duncan and McAlpine.  
"The person who ignores the past remains  
forever a child." Thank you BHS for  
giving me so much - 7 amazing yrs. and so  
many good friends: esp. Bl, JL, KH and  
of course MLBF. It's all been a "learning  
experience." - S. Lake - THR. Path-  
finder, L. Placid. Thanks M. and D.







SARAH JANE BEECH: 1982-1983.

Ross.

"This is not the end, this is not the beginning of the end, perhaps it is the end of the beginning." Winston Churchill. Thanks BHS for making this year an excellent one! And to M and D and JC who knew it would be great!



JACQUELINE BENT: 1978-1983.

McLeod.

Life is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. - MacBeth. Bye Kath, Good luck! Remember: Best friends laugh together and cry together, Best friends share secrets and dreams! Beware the KJ Gang. Thanx M. and D.



BOBBIE LYNN BRASS: 1978-1983.

Maclean.

"He who does not learn deserves to forfeit his life." Branksome Hall over the past five years has taught me many things, from getting assignments in on time to eating what's put before me. My time here will be cherished forever. Thanks Mom and Dad.



RUTH MARIE BRYDEN

Scott.

Some of the best days of my life. If it wasn't for those memories: Ainslie, MacNeill, PA, BB, CS, CD, JP, Shaboo, KRIM, Currency, Robyn, Cocoo. Day girls, Wild and Crazy Guys! The Bay, Golden Fleece, Party Hearty W. Indies. You see, I was here for the reason, not the season.





WENDY BUCHANAN: 1975-1983.  
Douglas.  
Grade Prefect. B.ball, Volleyball, Baseball, Soccer, and Drama. Memories: The Kilt press, 7R-10 Survivor, Trips with Mrs. Hay, Moosonee, N.Y., Grade 10's, The Unit, Carleton Club, July 12, Thanks to Z. and W. for the IR Support. I'd do it all again!!



BETH BURROWS: 1978-1983.  
Douglas.  
Prefect, Past Class Pres. Memories: Birdie, Quarters, Mariposa, Florida 82, 10 Days at SJ's, Grade Spirit, Red Roses, "Tainted Tour" - Europe 82. "The Moment May Be Temporary But The Memories Last Forever" - Thanks BHS, Terrific Friends and AB<sup>3</sup> No. 1!!! AMYH.



ANGELA BUNN: 1982-1983.  
MacLean.  
Most commonly seen leaving BHS in her spares for a cup of tea with Sloane. Memories: Cresnet Parties, Lunch, Contributing in French, Seeking the Truth in Economics, Toby's, and Dances.



ALISON LOUISE CARR: 1978-1983.  
MacGregor.  
Lay Out Ed.: Slogan. Activities: Soccer, Field Hockey, Good Times: L. Placid 79, and 81, NYC, 82, TSC - 73? I Remember . . . All of the Friends BHS has given me, and All of the Headaches too! "There is only one Success, to be able to Spend Your Life in Your Own Way." C. Morley.







**MEREDITH A. CARTWRIGHT:**  
1976-80, 1981-83.  
Fraser and MacGregor.  
Prefect, Co-Editor Kilt Press, Sports,  
Debating, Sabbatical year - Ridley, My  
poor injured UNIT, ROWING and  
asking questions. "It is truly natural and  
ordinary to desire gain." - Niccolo  
Machiavelli. "I am part of all that I have  
met." - A. Lord Tennyson TWS.



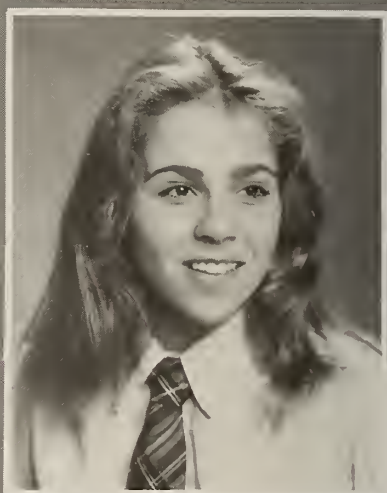
**ANNA CHAN:** 1980-1982.  
McAlpine.

Memories: Sherborne bathroom - no  
shower curtain; Halloween dinner, Mice  
in the house, Kitchen Revolution House  
party, Secret Santa, Biology project - No  
more Bio. in my life, three maths in a  
row, Chemistry trip, Thanks MH, KZ,  
DL, PL, DO, MR and LS.



**SHOBHA CHANDRIAMANI:**  
1979-1983.  
McLean.

I Shobha Chandiramani Will: W/ends, in  
Waterloo to Robyn to Kim mail from  
Hawaii. To Ruth all the classiest clothes  
and to Penny Donald McLean.  
Memories: TCS SAC - raid, Head of  
Residence, homesick - friends it's hard to  
say bye . . . will be, our future is ours to  
see.



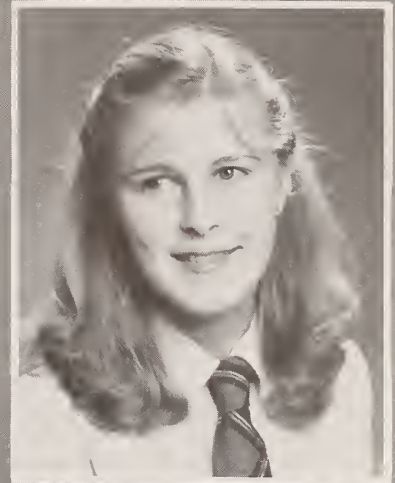
**SUZANNE CHLEBUS:** 1976-1983.  
McAlpine.

Seven years of memories I'll carry with  
me wherever I go. HH! JW, eh! baldy, SC  
POWER, Skiing and PVS, GB cliff  
jumping, unforgettable "K." Thanks  
BHS, Thanks Mom and Dad. "The secret  
of success is consistency of purpose." -  
Disraeli.



STEPHANIE A. CHURCHER:  
1976-1983.  
Douglas.

Treasure dreams for they are for the future. Treasure memories for they are forever. Thanks to everyone who made these past 7 years so great! Memories: The wonderful SC's of this world, thanks CL, ST, RJ, and JN for putting up with me. Thanks again Branksome.



KATEY CORBETT: 1976-1983.  
Fraser, Campbell.

"It is impossible for an optimist to be pleasantly surprised." Gld. Fl. Gr. 12 Spirit Geo. 477 NH squash. "It's not the future that you can see; it's just a fantasy." Annie's song. Trips, JS Editor. "There's something happy and there's something sad." 9/13/80.



DIANE CORLEY: 1979-1983.  
Campbell.

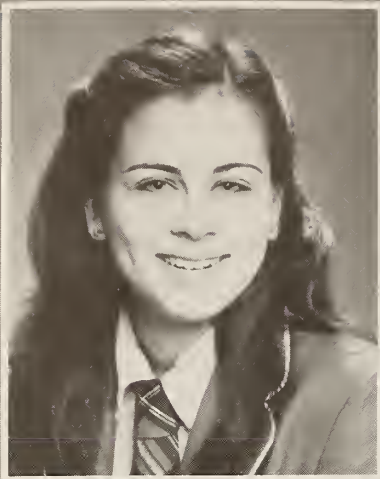
Activities: Badminton. Memories: Good friends - RJ, EN, MK, SC, and the 3D's; The Stones; 3:30 Club; preps; TGIF; The Mo; spares; the formals; Ryan's; 8 metre sailing; 477 Geog. parties; New York and Egypt; the Bahamas. "Sailing takes me away to where I am going." C. Cross.



KIM CRAMER: 1980-1983.  
MacLean.

Homesick for sunny Isle of St. Kitts, SAC Raid, Boarding, 967-1111, W9 Fetes, Limbo to Calypso. Mail (Hawaii Again?), Phone, Impossible; Jacks, coffee fits, Fire Drills, Choir President; Thanks Mom and Pops! "Que Sera Sera! What ever will be . . ." "Keep Smiling!"





JILL CURTIS: 1977-1983.

Douglas.

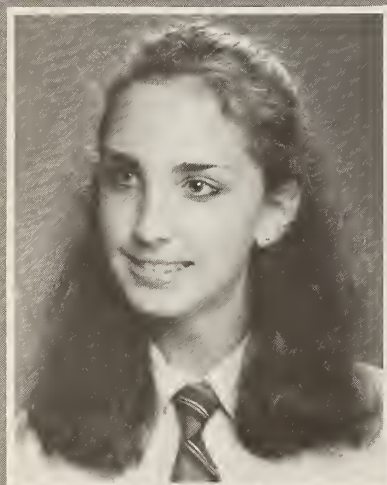
Prefect, Head of Opheleo, Baseball, X-Country, Co-ed Kilt Press. Memories: The Lids, Orange Pop, Twist and Shout, 7-Up, Smarties, Pink and Green Mariposa. "Hi how was your trip?" Anyway, such is life. "The moment may pass quickly, but the memory can linger forever."



SANDRA CUSAK: 1978-1983.

Campbell.

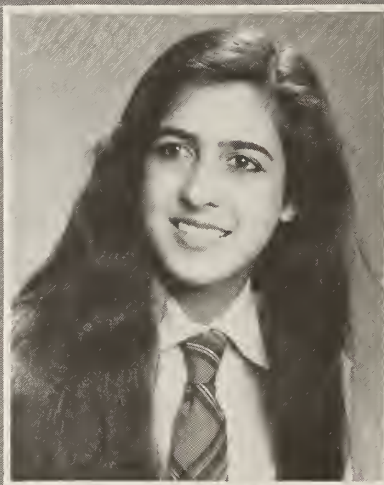
Here is to walking on the wild side. To the 4Ds and 3 P=Pals, memories are forever. Thanks Babe, RVZ can wait. E and A, I owe it to you, thanks. "We are already one, now only time can come between us."



CHRISTINE E. CZASCH: 1977-1983.

Scott.

Choir. Memories: To all those "That Girls" - Thanks for the good times and the laughs - especially Ruthie and the "True Talks in Trinidad." JBS. Quincy 2? "Hey Anji, turn down the tunes." Love to VU for being there - Mom - Dad Ich Danke Euch.



ANJI DAYAL: 1976-1983.

Campbell.

"You can do without people but you can't do without friends." Memories: India, trips, spirit, spares, fame, police, tea with SJ and CC, Gf eh Lisa? "Al" with MH and WB. Med - CC, Aneeta and Amit Donut runs, all nighters, Thanks Chaua. I luv you Mom and Dad. Thanks BHS.



MARY KATHLEEN DORAN:  
1977-1983.

Ross.  
Don't give me the war! Oil! Mellow Moments: Short cuts - driving in the shoot box - parties. I'll never forget M.H., L., C.G., C.H., S.E., R.R., T.P., L.E., H.M., H.E., M.M., K and P, and Johnny. Michelle there are first times for everything, and Mom knows! Dadada! Thanks Mom and Dad, XOXO.



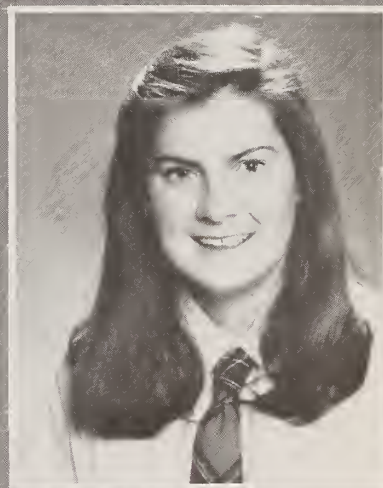
CAROLYN DYCK: 1980-1983.  
Ross.

Memories: Blue Angels and Baby Ducks. Chalk River and Jamaica. Heather's school of B., outback and Backgammon. H.M., K.C. Yucky, PA, Rubble Dub, DP, BL, and Freddie. Water fights, flying cups, R. in T. Yawn and late night coffee breaks. Thanks AK, UR, M and D.



MARTHA LYNN FELL: 1974-1983.  
McAlpine.

Congratulations for surviving 7R.10 theme song: Yellow bird!! Memories: Not forgotten. Probable Destiny: Growing Smarties. "Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell; where I am, ye too shall dwell. I am gone before your face, a moments time, a little space."



JULIE FERGUSON: 1978-1983.  
MacLean.

Clan Chieftain, Sports Ed., X-Country, Tennis, Cornhusk, Annie, M and M's, Twist and Shout, Satisfaction, Wild Times, Preppy Packing Lessons, Chalk River, Choc. Chp. cookies, 2B2 FRIENDS4EVER. "Some get strong, some get strange - sooner or later it all gets real - walk on." NY.







LINDSAY GLASSCO: 1980-1983.

Ross.  
Mems.: Bazaar, Ophelio, teams, L. Placid, Ice Cream, mustaches, cho. chip cookies, Montreal, farm wkds. kidnapping, Pessimism, Surprise B-Day Party. Thanks to friends who made it so much fun. "To remember the old is to add strength and background to the new." L.M. Frost.



ELLEN GREEN: 1978-1983.

MacGregor.  
Activities: Volleyball, Swimming, Soccer. Memories: Boarding?, Is study over yet?, Lake Placid!, Stitches in knee, Me? No way, "I have always known that at last I would take this road, but yesterday I did not know that it would be today." There are no words to describe the priceless friendship made at B.H.S.



MICHELLE HALBERT: 1980-1983.

MacGregor.  
I owe special thanks to all of my friends who have helped me through these wonderful years - EL, IB, IM. For all the memories they must continue - right, MC CG SB RR CH TP LE HL HC SP DB KD AG MM, Oh and for JG the one who cares, sorry John. Take it to the limit.



MARGARET HALL: 1979-1983.

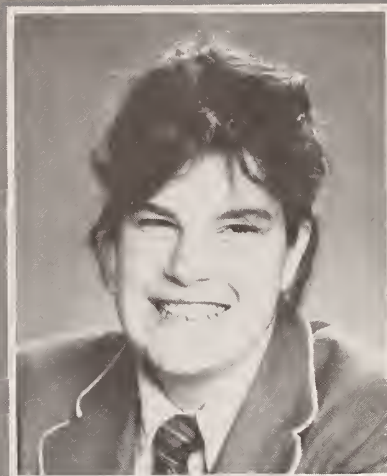
MacGregor.  
Memories: Choir Weekends, 4 Carol Services, Apes, Wonder Wart, Sour Cream, Chalk River, Fal-4, May we live forever, laughing, crying, Ski Boots. Thanx Mom and Dad. "And in September, We will remember the happy times we spent with you." Bye B.H.S.!? Never!





**CHRISTEL HELWIG: 1976-1983.**  
Ross.

Memories: Unforgettable . . . First days at B.H.S., Choir weekends, Fal-4, Chalk River, Carol Services, frequent bouts of insanity, Mathematical Anxiety, close friends, laughter, tears, last days at B.H.S. "One never forgets, the memory just recedes." Thanks Mom and Dad.



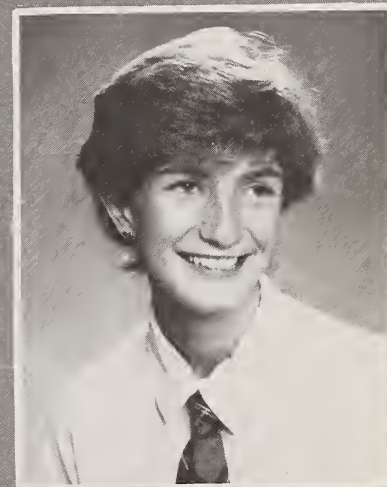
**MARGARET LEWIS MARSHALL HERMANT: 1976-78, UK., 1979-83.**  
Campbell.

Comm. Prefect, Co. Ed. Kilt Press, Grade 12 Prez, B. and Baseball, fencing, Hockey Supporter. Que., Wash., L. Placid, NY, Moosonee. Memories: 7r10 Survivor - Yellow Bird, Hodgins. JPMJr., Musicals, Geo. 477, Math Exams, Carlton, UNIT! That Hollywood smile - such is life! CHOW MAMAS!



**KATHY HURRELL: 1977-1983.**

Johnston and McAlpine.  
Memories: "The babies are crying.", ZZZ, Birdie, Slow down you move too fast, eeky, Qui Hee, Psy. - B.J., M. and M.'s, phlt phlt, B.J. and P.T., arrh robble robble, Zarder, Vive la Suisse, toy, "He who laughs, lasts." Thanks Mom and Dad.



**BARB INKSATER: 1976-1983.**  
Campbell.

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I - I took the one less travelled by, and that has made all the difference." - Frost. Smiles, Tears and Laughter. I can see the sunrise illuminating my next journey. Thank you my friends, you have made it all the easier.





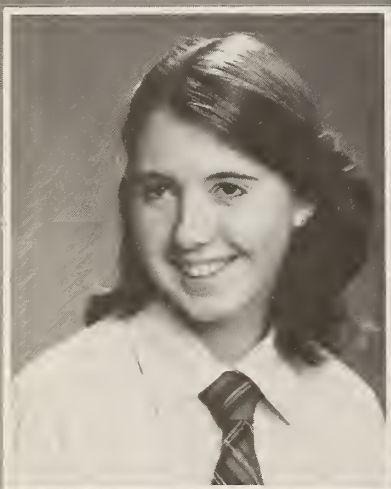
SANDRA L. JARVIS: 1979-1983.  
McAlpine.

"Wit has truth in it; wisecracking is simply calisthenics with words." DP.  
"Keep a green tree in your heart and perhaps the singing bird will come."  
Memories: AD, KC, SS, NV, LP, Whistler tard! Florida! Deerhurst and FJSV! I love you all, good luck, thanks BHS.



ROBERTA JOINER: 1976-1983.  
Duncan, Campbell.

Memories: Friday afternoons, Formals, Mariposa, 3:30 club, hombres, Bahamas, onion rings and pizzas, breaking up, crashing out! Amazing friends - esp. the 4D's and P.Pals! Mattresses, chug chug! Adam, Jim, The Stones. Thanks for the good times! Rattus Norvegicus.



MICHELLE KEMP-GEE: 1978-1983.  
McLeod.

"What the people need is a way to make them smile, It ain't so hard to do if you know how." - THE DOOBIES.  
Memories: SM, PV, Parties, Formals, BHS, Friends, R FOREVER. "Our two souls, which are one, Though I must go, endure not yet a breach, but an expansion." - DONNE., (JAH 2).



JUDITH (JODY) KAYSER: 1977-1983.  
McLeod.

Griffith's - Just you and me! Peer pressure, say cheese, Bahamas, Your friendly limo, swimming, Hawks. Thanks EN - I wouldn't have made it without you. Things of the future, our hearts may fear, can all be resolved, when tomorrow is here. MO thanks M and D.





**VIRGINIA KENT: 1976-1983.**  
Duncan, Scott.  
Past Sub-Chieftain, Pres 13r1.  
Memories: History trips, sports and soaps with Mags, May two-four, the short group, NYC, Great pals MB, ST, BB, MH, SW, AG! Parties with sweet-pea, Unit rides! Thanx for coming out! Love ya madly BHS! Thanx Mom and Dad!



**DENA KYPREOS: 1981-1983.**  
Scott.

Here I am again hopefully for the last time. Jumble of Memories: 4 D's and D Pals, Formal, Pullins Dena's, Class, C. Examples, 3:30 club, spares, Baseball talks. Take a walk on the wild side. Friendship is the golden thread that ties the hearts of us all.



**PATRICIA LEE: 1981-1983.**  
Campbell.

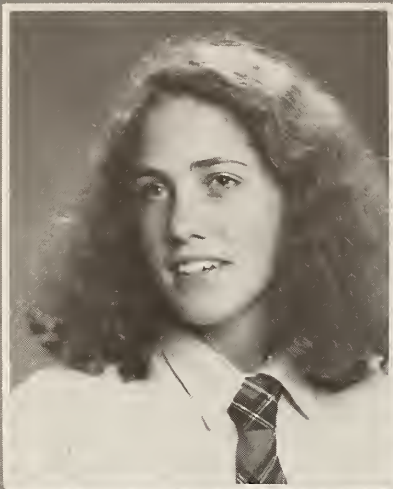
My every day in Branksome: 7(up), eat, study, swallow, daydream and learn, stuff, enjoy - Zzzz. Difficulties: Aerobic respiration in the locker room, finding a derivative for bloomers and conquering the gravitational force between sexes. (Thanx for the ENERGY!!!).



**KELLIE LEMAN: 1978-1983.**  
McLeod.

Past Chieftain, Grade Prefect. "Hey Mont, can I have some cookies?!" Larkins Parties, "I'm special," My 2nd home, donuts and coffee, Boardwalk and sunrise, laughing, gum, chalets, PAB!, My twin Michelle. Many hilarious nights! OXM3, JL, JW, CL, TH, AC, CB, LM, SC and BHS.





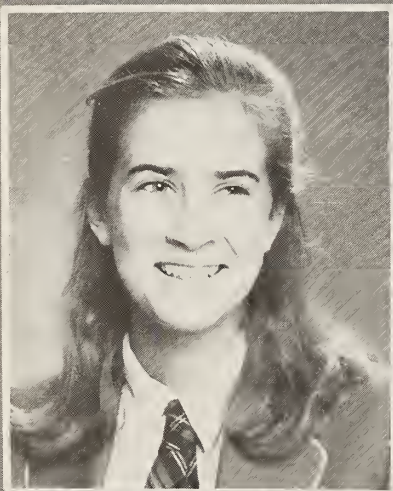
JENNIFER R. LEWIS: 1978-1983.  
Scott.

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road, Healthy, free, the world before me, The long brown path before me, Leading wherever I choose." Whitman. Thanks Kells, M.G.B., Larkin, Clarke, and of course, BHS for the memories.



SUZANNE LONG: 1979-1983.  
Scott.

Past Chieftain, Basketball, Skiing, Tennis, Amnesty, MLMFC, Truth, The Unit, The Carleton, Math 429. P.S.: I could tell you all my adventures, beginning from this morning, but it's no use going back to yesterday, I was a different person then. S. Wong Chem.



JANICE LOUDON: 1976-1983.  
Robertson, Campbell.

Slogan Ed.-in-Chief, Prefect, Co-Debating Head. 7R.10 Survivor, Geog. 477, OWL! "So it is with life and with Journeys: outwardly the same for all, yet do different." A. Heckmair. Friendships to last and remember: SJ, Snood, Gai, J.W. Ten Days at S.J.'s. AMYH.



DIANA LOWRIE: 1979-1983.  
MacGregor.

Memories: Don't do it!, popping eyes everywhere, wildness, Mariposa, parties, 3:30 club, walking to Bloor. Thanks: M and D, Sandra, P pals, 3D's, 4?, and for inspirations: RS and ID. "A part of the heart is lost in the learning." D. Foleberg.







**KATHLEEN MCOMBE: 1973-1983.**  
McLeod.  
President Junior Choir. Past Memories: Miss Howie, public speaking, **BROKEN BONES**, Washington, Jane Eyre, Crazy lunches, Jim Palmer, Robert Redford. Thanks to the best friends I ever had. Thanks mom and dad. Believe for your dreams can come true. I had ten good years.



**CATHY McCULLOCH: 1978-1983.**  
McAlpine.  
13R.2 Pres. Picnics, Colli, That's what I like about you! Hello - Good-bye - 4 a.m. Babs? Breakie at Sue's, Hen Parties, Rain, J, Cruisin' Caddle Comfort Time eh Gord? Broken X-Mas ornaments, and general good times. "Who am I to ask who I am? Isn't it enough to be?" AN.



**HEATHER McGEORGE: 1981-1983.**  
Campbell.  
Memories: Outback, waterfights, limos and champagne, Blue Angels, Red lions and Baby Ducks, A Flock of Seagulls, SC, MB and the beach CD, JL, KL, AC, Paola, Clarkin, Florida, Village Zoo, Chalk River, Mo, Mariposa, Slings, Diets, wake-ups, Thanx Mom and Dad.



**CHRISTINE M. McKINNEY: 1981-1983.**  
Ross.  
Thanks B.H.S. for 2 great years: Class S.T., Choir, Lake Placid - wipe-outs, Fig Fights, T.O., Chalk River - Midnight Carolling, food (R.C.), formal, Mariposa, T.T.C., Knitting, Walkman, Bazaar. We did it Claire! Love and thanks to M and D.





JUDY McLEISH: 1977-1983.

McAlpine.

Photography Editor; Treasurer of Amnesty; Past Sub Chieftain; 477 Geo. Pigouts, Miss Owl, NYC, Megaphone, the Yellow Bomb, Great Friends. "The most wasted day is one that in which we do not laugh." "I will drink life to the lees" Tennyson.



DIANE McNEIL: 1976-1983.

Campbell.

JA 6 years of BHS, 3 years of couch frodo, Pippin forever, LizVic, Sue, Cin, Mol. Morna, Russ, Chunk, Deer, Notes, Say What? You Crumb, Movies, Parties, Miss P, the Cow, Weasel, summer school fun stuff! What's your problem? Thanx Mom and Dad.



SUSAN MORRIS: 1977-1983.

Robertson, Ross.

1st Amnesty Pres., Ex Debating Head, Badminton, Suemo, JK, KC, SC, 7R10 survivor! "Scattered pictures like the times we left behind . . . If we had the chance to do it all again, tell me would we? Could we? Barbra Streisand." Thanx Mom and Dad! 10/25/80.



KAREN MEYERS: 1979-1983.

MacLean.

There is no map with a road labelled to success; you have to find your own way, Thanx Branksome for so many experiences to send me on my road. Thanx for all the memories friends Keep well the road. Thanx Mom.



ERIKA NESS: 1976-1983.  
Fraser, Campbell.

Memories: Hugging, formals, parties, Mrs. Hay's trips, doughnuts, library, debating, Bahamas, diet? never! school trips. Christmas trees, banana peels. Good memories, good times, good friends: RJ, MK, DA, ST, JM, DN, CO, SL, AB, Thanks Mom! Hi Babe! Mellow! Sanity - What's that?

CATHERINE NEWMAN: 1981-1983.  
McLeod.

Head of Beta Kappa. Will never forget New York '79-'81, France, \* John \*, KM, RS, JP. Thanks Mom and Dad. Life is for what we can achieve. To have a goal and meet it; appreciate all the things around us. To the future, it's what we make it, but a mystery always remains.



DEBBIE OON: 1981-1983.  
McLeod.

Memories: Six months in Residence, carol practices, library duty, secret santa, chemistry trip, fire alarms etc. Thanks for the friends and memories, Branksome.

LISA PAPAS: 1981-1983.  
Scott.

Jr. School Prefect. Swim Team, Volleyball, Baseball. Thanks to all for the best 2 years of my life! Memories: New Girl, Geo. 477, New York, Griannie, Artsy-E, PG-21. "Be happy, for happiness is not a destination. It is a method of Life." Thanks Mater and Paddy.







DIANE A. PATHY: 1980-1983.

MacGregor.

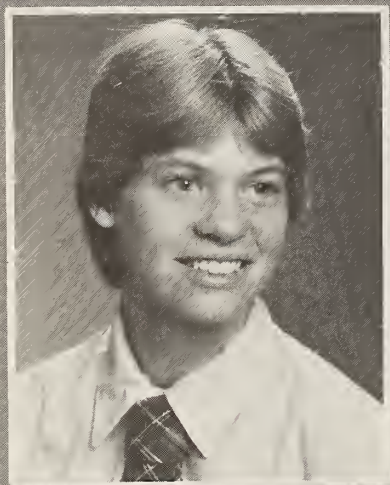
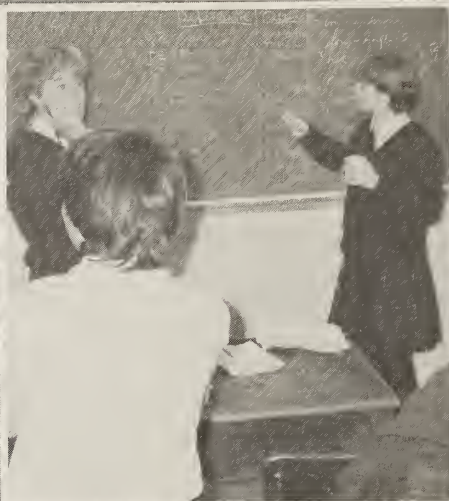
Head Librarian. Memories: 3 years, Boarding, Mouse, Cambridge, Bahamas, Scuba diving, Pigeon Key, barracudas, coral, skiing, ECS. Friends, HR, CD. "I have the simplest of tastes, I am always satisfied with the best." Merci M and D. Au revoir mes amies. "Montréal je me souviens."



TARA PHILLIPS: 1980-1983.

MacGregor.

"To remember the old is to add strength and background to the new." Frost. Memories: SAC raids, diets, Muskoka, So Dub Club, Frank-steins, football, \$ for gas, phone calls - Thanx DB, MH, HE, SE, AG, CG, CH, MM esp., RR, LE, MD special thank G and G, Mom and Dad luv ya XXOO.



MORNA ROBERTSON: 1979-1983.

Douglas.

Pitching 5 winning games and the tournament, mud up to here X-country, countless bruises but countable goals in soccer, hockey, ice and field, Vicky, Kathy with movies and dances, Diane with cycling. Julie in English, "No probs." Thanx Mom and Dad.



GAEL ROBINSON: 1973-1977, 1982-1983.

Robertson, Douglas.

There is so much to say in such a small space. It was sad to say good-bye but it was great to say hello again, but this final farewell is for good. Thanks Branksome, I loved it!!





ROBYN ROSS: 1979-1983.

Ross.

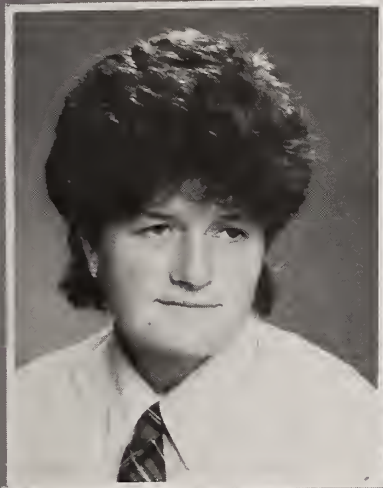
"There has got to be a morning after." Thanx - TPSEMHCPLEA GMMHE MDCHDB, Dubclub Henparties, wars, clip, in the Lips, "My name is Judy," Voodoo, Bapy Bob, Muskoks, SAC raids, Franks, eyelashes, 9:00 raids, football. Bread, riding, snootbox, Love ya. THANX MOM.



LISA RUDAN: 1982-1983.

McLeod.

One year is not long enough. (But I'm not coming back). Memories Include: Physics bug and needle, Leaside. Hi-fi right Chris? The Greasy Fleece with AD, CC, SJ, PT . . . NYC? Ryan's and KD's 19th Anji? Wish I had more, but it was too short, though very sweet! Thanks!



TORY RUSSELL: 1980-1983.

McAlpine.

"Very true," said the Dutchess, "Flamingos and mustard both bite." Lewis Carroll



JENNIFER W. RYDER: 1976-1983.

Johnston, McAlpine.

Asst. Slogan Editor, J.S. Chieftain. I can sincerely say this school has been one of the best things in my life. From L. Placid with Bacteria, Horse and Paddington to Geo. 477, NYC, Pathfinder and Mariposa - A true "Learning Experience." Thanks M and D and MLBFM.B.







**LINDA SCHABEREITER: 1976-1983.**  
MacGregor.

Memories: Mrs. Hay trips, 10-Mirror Image Video Parties, Chalk River/Ottawa, the Fall-4, X-MAS shopping trips, going pleasantly insane and to great friends. Thanks Mom, Dad and BHS for 7 unforgettable years. Quote: "Always look on the bright side of life." M.P.



**LISA SHARPE: 1976-1983.**  
McAlpine.

"Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference." TAB, Gruesome foursome, cruis'n, popcorn, squatt'n, 3, The Navy, Lush, Nosebleed country, girls wknds., Bio., blue.



**JOY SHEWCHUK: 1982-1983.**  
MacLean.

Betta Kappa, forever cramming, intense fakery, avoiding the quags, the subway stater and dances. Why do I always have 2 guys at once or none at all? Thank DP and CN you made me feel really welcome. GR, what would I do without you? I love you Mom and Dad.



**CAIRD STEWART: 1976-1983.**  
Douglas.

Branksome the many years I have spent with you are imprinted in my mind. The friends I have seen come and go will never be forgotten. Thanks Branksome. Thanks Mom and Dad.







SLOANE SWANSON: 1976-1983.  
McAlpine.

Advertising Editor and Assistant Ad. Editor of the Slogan past. Memories: 7 yrs. of swim team, UCC swim parties, french braiding. B-buddies; Kelly W., Sarah R. Stone-Minaswony. Towed Car. S. G., D.F. "Where have all the good times gone?" - The Kinks. Thanks LOLA!



PAMELA TAYLOR: 1976-1983.  
Duncan, Scott.

Who knows where we shall meet again, but time keeps flowing like a river on and on to the sea . . . Don't forget JS history trips, K. City, B. King, sneaking out spares, La Suisse, and my car. Bye to JB; KH; MB; MW; DP; Thanks Mrs. MacGr. Roe McRae Blake and to my good buddy Steph.



CATHERINE TEMELCOFF: 1974-1983.  
Maclean.

Co-head of Debating. Memories: France with Martha, Egypt with Vittoria, Mrs. Hay's Trips, Laura's final statement on JC, who would call a kiss Ayatollah anyway? "If ignorance is bliss, what kind of paradise is this" - ABC.



SARAH JANE TESKEY: 1978-1983.  
Douglas.

Head Girl, Past Chieftain. Basketball, baseball, cross-country. "I am not afraid of tomorrow, for I have seen yesterday and I love today" - W.A. White. Thanks Mom, Dad, friends. Beth-G, Big-Jan, Snood, The yellow bomb JL, BB, JM, JW, AB-my H! Love ya, BHS!!







PAM VAN STRAUBENZEE: 1977-1983.  
Campbell.

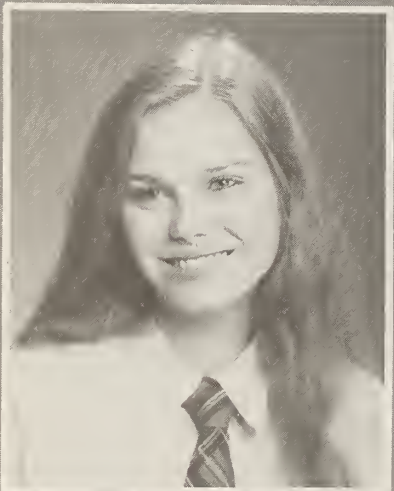
Balcony seats, MAKE EM LAUGH, St. Anne; BG; Mellow Yellow - 4 for the score: 21-0; Don't say camp; We are Pals, Bell.

We leave so much stronger  
For we have shared deeply,  
I look at you and smile . . .  
For you are my friends.



STEPHANIE TORO: 1976-1983.  
MacGregor.

Past Chieftain. Memories: Mrs. Hays Trips, Choir, Eatons, KCSS, Ravens, Amen!, cottage, H for H, formals, legal lunches, 3 Pam?, DT, Boarding Bahamas, new car, Mariposa, good friends!, GK, MB, KC, CK, BJ, EN. Thanks sis and PT! We are family! Thanks B.H.S.



BARBARA WARD: 1971-1983.  
Fraser and Scott.

Sec. Treasurer of Choir Past. Memories: Mrs. Bowker - grade 2, Mrs. Hay's Trips, Dances/Blind Dates, 4 Choir Weekends, 12 Carol Services, Drama, Going Ape, Mathematical Anxiety; A Final Good-bye, Thanks Friends. "If music be the food of love, play on." - Shakespeare.



JULIA SARAH WEINSTEIN:  
1977-1983.

Bruce and McLeod  
Past Drama Pres., Lit. Editor - slogan. "Great people talk about ideas, average people talk about things, and small people talk about wine." F.L. "Times goes, You say? Ah no! Alas, Time stays, we go." H.A. Dobson.



KELLY WHITE: 1976-1983.

Bruce, Douglas.  
Slogan Ad Editor. Mrs. Hay's trips, Deep R. - Ott., FAL-4, video parties, Father-Daughter Dances, xmas shopping trips, soundproof rooms, peanut butter sour cream and fruit cocktails, Miniswoni and Shamone. Thanks bestie SS, LS, CH, MH, BW, KM, and Mom and Dad.



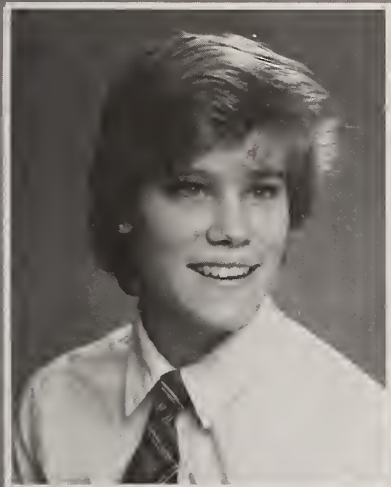
JENNY WILKES: 1978-1983.  
McLeod.

Kell, Chris, Sue (H.H.) - Thanks, love you. Alum. Rep., choir, chamber, "Boyfriend." I'm so glad we had this time together just to have a laugh or sing a song seems we just get started, and before we know it, comes the time we have to say "so long." BHS. - Thanks -.



MARTHA WILSON: 1968-1969,  
1976-1983.

Robertson Campbell.  
Prefect, Head of Clans, Jr., Sr., Chieftain, SPORTS!!! and 7 years of incredible times and incredible friends!! "No one knows what one can do til one tries." Anon and "Nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm!" Emerson.  
RED.



SUSAN JANE WILSON: 1980-1983.  
Douglas.

We can chart our future clearly and wisely only we know the path which has led us to the present - Stevenson. Memories: Formals, May 24, cookies and popcorn, Pam, wink, Ginny, the tower, Mariposa - good times. Thanx Branksome and especially Mom and Dad. Thanx trouble.



JANICE WRIGHT: 1980-1983.  
Ross.

Sports Capt., Clan Chieftain. "Far better it is to dare mighty things, even though checkered with failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the grey twilight that knows not victory nor defeat." Roosevelt.





# THE GRADUATES OF 1983 IN 2003

The Year: 2003

The Place: The B & R

The Dress: Varied

The Event: The Class of '83's 20th Reunion

The People:

Pam Adshade and Barb Ward have both recently celebrated their 20th wedding anniversaries.

Anna Chan and Nahid Ahmad, Patricia Lee and Katey Corbett are the first four people to have shared the Nobel Prize for Mathematics.

Dione Ball, Claire Angus, Sarah Beech and Lindsay Glassco have just completed organizing the first Interplanetary Bazaar.

Maggie Hermant and Cathy Newman joined forces to become the 21st century's answer to Zena Cherry.

Sandra Jarvis is living in Huntsville, a town which is hardly been touched by the 21st century.

Stephanie Toro, Jackie Bent and Pam Taylor pulled up in Pam's new sport's car. Meredith sideswiped Pam, knocking Julia Weinstein off her bike.

Ellen Green stepped out of her Porsche to witness the event.

Jenny Wilkes and Christel Helwig are the first women to have joined the King's College, Cambridge Choir.

Julie Fergusson owns and operates BASS Ticket outlets.

Diane Corley, Roberta Joiner and Sandra Cusack own and operate the Morrissey II. Gael Robinson is the owner of last year's Triple-Crown Winner.

Coco Amardeil is in Brazil and is a computer technician. Unfortunately she missed the event.

Kathleen McCombe is the Canadian head of the Robert Redford Memorial fan Club.

Stephanie Churcher is following in her father's footsteps in Africa. Angela Bunn is Canada's representative to the United Nations.

Bobbie Lynn Brass, The Canadian ambassador to Israel, was also at the reunion.

Caird Stewart announced her recent appointment as Principal of Branksome Hall.

Anji Dayal flew in from India for the reunion leaving her presidential husband at home.

Marianne Liendo made a surprise appearance at the reunion and Janice

Loudon and Wendy Buchanan chorused "WE THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME BACK -."

Pam van Straubenzee made commemorative computer placemats for the occasion.

Lisa Sharpe spilled wine on her Computo Mat, ruining all of Pam's work.

Susan Wilson is married to a successful Toronto businessman. They summer in Muskoka at their gorgeous cottage.

Lisa Papas looked pooped after dropping the triplets off at

U.C.C.

Michele Halbert, Mary Doran, Tara Phillips and Robyn Ross were a few minutes late because they couldn't find a parking space for the Snootbox.

Dena Kypreos once again just finished graduating from B.H.S. Kim Cramer, Shoba Chandiramani and Ruth Bryden provided Reggae Music for our listening pleasure. Chris Cszach and Denise Arana were the special guest entertainment as belly dancers for the reunion.

Janice Wright, Martha Wilson and Bonnie Barnes started a new Canada Fitness Plan for the over 30 set.

Sarah Teskey and Cathy McCulloch are still at WAP, but now as camp directors.

Kelly White and Sloane Swanson are now Co-advertising editors for the New York Times.

Jody Kayser is now President of Vogue Patterns International. Ginny Kent was just named her sales woman of the month.

Judy McLeish left without her shoe. (It was later found in the punch bowl).

Lisa Rudan is a telephone operator for Ma Bell.

Joy Shewchuk arrived in a chauffeur driven Rolls and emerged holding a white toy poodle. They had matching bows.

Kathy Hurrell had just chaperoned the B.H.S. formal two days before the reunion.

Margaret Hall, Erica Ness and Linda Schabereiter now make up Branksome's nursing staff.

Professors Diane Pathy and Jill Curits' latest biological pursuit was on sale at the reunion. Rivaling the sales of their book was that of Dr. Temelcoff's - a work called THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: A REASSESSMENT.

A children's book written by Jennifer Ryder and illustrated by Kellie Leman, THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WEASELS, was also on sale.

Alison Carr is an architect. She is commissioned to build the Branksome Hall Soccer Stadium. Barb Inksater is doing the interior design for the stadium.

Martha Fell and Mary Bartlett fell asleep after the Vichyssoise was served.

Diana Lowrie left after the main course, demonstrating the true ideals of the 3:30 club. Michelle Kemp-Gee, although not a member of this club, followed suit.

Heather McGeorge, Carolyn (Burn-'em) Dyck and Sue Chlebus looked brown and trim from their recent jaunt to Florida.

Susan Morris was noticeably absent. She is a prisoner of conscience somewhere in south east Asia.

Beth Burrows had to leave the reunion early to drive her kids up to Muskoka in a stationwagon.

Jennifer Lewis, Tory Russell, Suzanne Long missed the B & R extravaganza.





# SPORTS





## Sports Captain

Noise from the gym, hoarse voices the next day, stiff muscles, smiles on sweaty faces, pats on the back, hours of practise, last minute wins, perfect passing plays all contribute to the pride of being a part of a Branksome team. This is what sports are all about and they are certainly worth every second of time that they get from supporters, referees, coaches and players.

It's been a great year!

Janice Wright  
Sports Captain

Mens sana incorpore sano: A sound mind in a sound body.



## Baseball 1982

16's BASEBALL  
(L - R) Back Row:  
Morna Robertson,  
Kathy Stinson,  
Lindsay Glassco,  
Lisa Beer, Gwen  
Baillie, Janice  
Wright. Middle  
Row: Mrs. Shaver,  
Claire Angus, Lisa  
Papas, Maggie  
Hermant, Jill Curtis,  
Meredith Cart-  
wright. Front Row:  
Wendy Buchanan,  
Isobel Calvin,  
Bonnie Barnes, Jane  
Connor, Margaret  
Hall.



The 16's baseball team finished the 1982 season with a perfect record, winning every game played as well as both tournaments entered.

We defeated Havergal, Bishop Strachan and St. Clements' to win the private school round robin tournament. We then won

the coveted Raggedy Ann trophy by defeating York Mills, Hillfield Strathallen, Havergal, St. Clements' and Bishop Strachan.

In 1983 we will miss Lisa Beer's excellent work at first base and Kathy Stinson's fine work behind the plate.

by Mrs. J. Shaver - Coach





## Tennis 1982



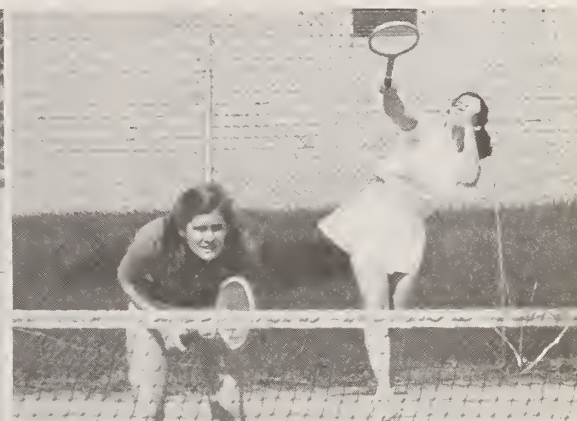
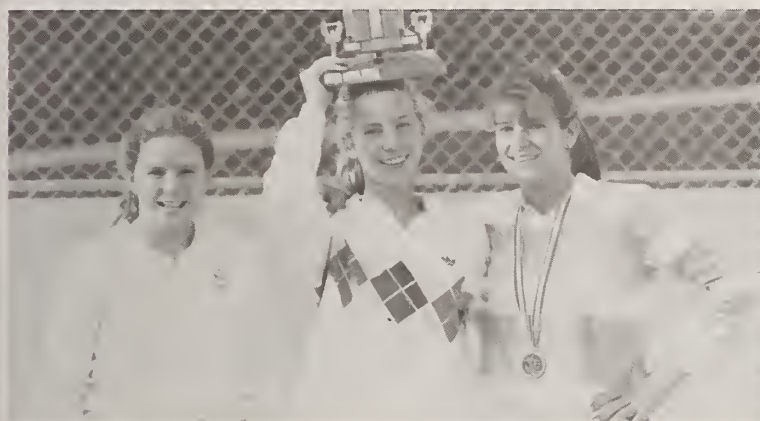
14's Tennis. Back Row: Jane Hendrick, Allison Dalglish, Cathy Mills. Third Row: Cindy Mitchell, Linton Carter, Karen Short. Second Row: Mary Moffat, Nancy Ross, Shannon McCarthy. First Row: Leeanne Weld, Lisa Clark, Kim Foley. Absent: Stephanie Buchanan, Mary Inksater, Jennifer Hinder, Adrienne Grant.



15's Tennis. Left to Right, Bottom Row First: Jill Dingle, Laurie Nichols, Megan Long, Wendy Spencer, Catherine Needham. Top Row: Susie Hore, Carrie Burrows, Tori Hackett, Bronwen Scott, Heidi Ambrose. Absent: Tory Wilgar, Susie O'Conner, Vicky Walker, Suzannah Wong, Jackie Churcher.



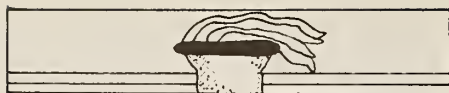
16's Tennis. Top to Bottom, Clockwise: Heather Montgomery, Beth Burrows, Sally Pitfield, Julie Fergusson, Willa Evans. Absent: Penny McLeod, Cassandra Roncarelli, Vera Lo, Kelly Hawke, Muff Cathers, Shelia Gorwill, Kathryn Buleychuck, Martha Dingle.



## Raggedy Ann '82







## Cross-Country



Back Row: Cindy Mitchell, Pam Snively, Colleen Doyle, Lisa Sharpe, Kathy Watt, Mrs. Kizoff, Mary Wright, Janet Anthony, Seana Massey, Heather Adam, Miranda dePencier. Middle Row: Fiona Baird, Danielle Perron, Lisa Korthals, Tori Hackett, Barb Inksater, Julie Fergusson, Carol Armstrong, Sarah Wiley. Front Row: Jill Curtis, Laura McElwain, Laura Lowen, Gillian Frise.



### CROSS-COUNTRY RESULTS

#### TDCAA

Miranda dePencier 3rd, Mary Wright 6th in the Midget division. Sarah Wiley 1st, Laura McElwain 9th in the Junior division. Midget Team came in 2nd place. Junior Team came in 2nd place.

#### OFSAA

Miranda dePencier 20th in the Midget division. Sarah Wiley 3rd in the Junior division. Midget Team came in 7th place. Junior Team came in 8th place.



# Track and Field

"Sweats off, Ladies. I will give you two commands: on your mark and then the gun. If there is a false start, I will sound the gun twice and call you back. O.K., stand behind the white line, please. On your mark, BANG!"

The nervousness in your stomach has disappeared. All that is left is you and the track. You are pounding away, ignoring the pain and concentrating on the race. The bell sounds and you know there is only one lap left. This

Back Row: Laura McElwain, Brigitte Young.  
Front Row: Daphne King, Leslie Fleming, Samantha Sharpe, Darcy Bett, Mary Doran, Heather Manley.  
Missing: Susan Andrus, Sarah Barrington, Roz Bristoll, Meredith Cartwright, Alison Dalglish, Erin Finn, Sheila Gorwill, Sandra Littlefair, Pam Peers, Geneviève Perron, Jennifer Pierce, Natasha Prior, Anna Tyacke, Kathy Watt, Alison Wiley, Lisa Windeler.



is it. It's your move now. You sprint ahead, forcing your legs to move faster passing someone in the last 10 metres and you cross the finish line, exhausted yet exuberant. The victory of the finish!

Many members of Branksome Hall's Track and Field team had gruelling practices while others sweated it out with Messrs. Wright and Payne at UCC. The Toronto District Finals were held at York University and Branksome was entered in many

events and five girls qualified for the Metro Regional Finals to be held at the renowned Etobicoke Olympium. Susan Andrus came first in the gruelling 400m hurdles and 1st in the 100m hurdles. Alison Wiley came first in the 800m and proved her endurance by placing 1st in the 1500m. Laura McElwain came 2nd in the 1500m and 4th in the 800m race. Our javelin thrower, Darcy Bett, placed 1st and Sheila Gorwill placed 3rd in the high jump category.

Metro's were disappointing for some but Alison Wiley, Susan Andrus and Darcy Bett qualified for OFSAA. Both days were miserable and rainy but Susan Andrus placed 7th in the 400m hurdles and soared to the finish in first place in the 1500m race, beating all previous Ontario Inter-Scholastic records. It was a great season, thanks to Coach Kizoff and we hope that next year's team can regain our title as OFSAA champions. L. McElwain.

## Soccer

Soccer at Branksome can be summed up in one triumphant game.

The teams met on the field with a dubious gray cloud hanging overhead. Just after the game started, lightning struck and a torrential downpour began. After twenty minutes the rain subsided, and the game continued, but the field looked like a better location for mud wrestling than soccer.

Amidst the blobs and splats of mud, and the slides and skids of the players, there were no dampened spirits. Branksome held its lead and won; the victory making up for everything to that point in their season. An exhilarating game to end off the season!

Back Row: Allison Tasker, Lindsay Glassco, Martha Wilson, Carol Hood.  
Middle Row: Heather Frise, Jill Wigle, Tessa Griffin, Janice Wright.  
Front Row: Leanne Weld, Jennifer Kitchen.



Janice Wright



# Basketball



14's BASKETBALL  
(Left to Right) Back Row: Adrienne Grant, Emily Long, Laura Pink, Tammy Long. Front Row: Daphne King, Penny Smith, Joanne Whittaker, M.J. Peirce.



15's BASKETBALL (L - R)  
Bottom Row: Tori Hackett, Leeanne Weld, Allison Huycke, Catherine Needham. Top Row: Katherine Schulz, Cindy Mitchell, Carol Hood, Shannon McCarthy.



From eleven taxis being sent up to Havergal in one day to three injuries in one game, this year's Basketball season may be described as somewhat interesting.

The 14's, 15's and 16's second team all played extremely well and won most of their games. The 16's first team played very well but were not able to shake off their opponents in order to

win. The amount of support for the games was incredible. Never has the gym experienced such enthusiastic cheers. Thanks to the coaches, supporters, timers, and scorers for their help.

By Wendy Buchanan  
P.S.: Overall, Branksome's Basketball teams were able to secure a second place in their league.



**16's FIRST BASKETBALL.**  
(L - R) Bottom Row: Martha Wilson, Claire Angus, Jane Connor. Top Row: Suzanne Wong, Maggie Hermant. Middle Top: Wendy Buchanan. Very Top: Meredith A. Cartwright. Scoring: Sarah Teskey.



**16's SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM.** (L - R) Bottom Row: Isobel Calvin, Megan Long, Kathy Barclay, Cari Burrows, Laurie Nichols. Top Row: Kathy Fullerton, Caroline Kitchen, Betsy Britnell.



# BHS Swimming

The silence, the gun and then cheers - the 1982-1983 Swim Team season had begun. Consisting both of veterans and new-comers, the season was definitely going to be successful.

The team was victorious in most meets and placed a close second in the Bishops Cup. The Bishops Cup was the most exciting meet with many supporters standing behind us. The score was close with a winning score of B.S.S. of 145 pts. and Branksome a close second at 135 pts.

A special thanks must go to Mrs. Lumsdon (and company . . . The BeeGee's) for pulling us through the morning workouts and the meets.

You were all great - Good luck next year.

Lauren Papas



Swim Team; Lauren Papas, Synchronized Swimming; Martha Pasley.

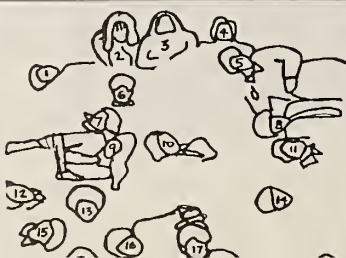


This year the Synchronized Swimming Team had a really successful year. Tryouts were held before exams and the turnout was terrific. A team of eight were chosen. They were Jennifer Kitchen, Martha Paisley, Patti Zingg, Kay McCutcheon, Mary Wright, Mary McClenagan, A special thanks must go to Mrs. Lumsdon and the Junior School participants. Congratulations!

Martha Paisley



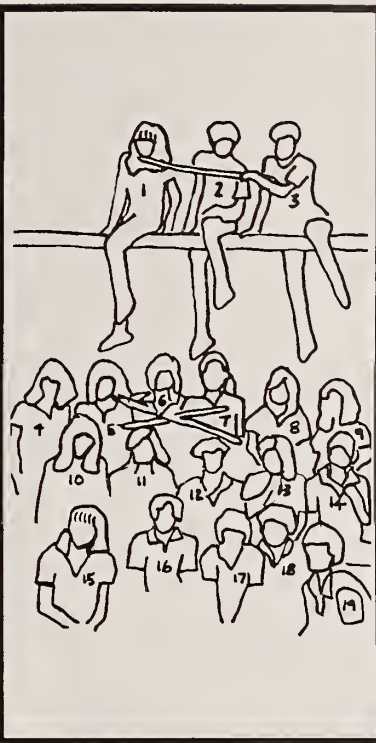
1. L. Carter 2. G. Hull 3. J. Law 4. B. Moore 5. C. Meynell 6. A. Worley 7. L. Papas 8. S. Robertson 9. M. Hartill 10. P. Peers 11. C. Silver 12. E. Green 13. W. Webber 14. S. Mitchell 15. S. Dyack 16. S. Swanson 17. L. Papas 18. P. Hunt 19. K. Kendall 20. A. McArthur.





# NEW SPORTS

## Field Hockey



1. Kim Foley 2. Jennifer Kitchen 3. Janice Wright 4. Maria Soriano 5. Gillian Dinning 6. Alison Carr 7. Sarah Beech 8. Leslie Fleming 9. Margaret Evans 10. Anna Tyacke 11. Heather Massey 12. Peggy Theodore 13. Lianne Kennedy 14. Morna Robertson 15. Mary Bartlett 16. Shirley Toogood (Coach) 17. Jennifer Beatty 18. Alison Tasker 19. Sara Wright.

## Squash



Back Row: C. Newman, S. Pitfield. Third Row: J. Wright, L. Glassco, M. Bartlett, J. Churcher, H. Harrison. Second Row: L. Alexanian, T. Griffin, H. Lafleur, S. Wright, S. Churcher, D. King, H. Adam. First Row: P. Peers, K. Corbett, C. Jamieson, C. Duckworth. Missing: J. Lewis, H. Fleming, S. Jarvis, H. McGeorge, K. Kendall, S. Sanford, M. McArthur, A. Moore, M. Adshade, W. Evans, L. Graham, L. Weld, C. Cameron, L. Windeler, R. Bristoll, J. Anthony, D. Warren, P. Aziz, V. Floros, M. Moffat, C. Vilaghy-Brown, J. Hendrick.

Squash was a new activity this year and it went really well. Miss Riffin organized it and Paul Dunning taught us. Altogether the program was eight weeks long. There were two weeks of lessons and six weeks of matches. The program was geared to everybody; beginner or expert.

Because of Miss Riffin's careful planning, everyone played evenly matched games each week. The games all took place at the Sherbourne Club on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. The whole program was a great success, S. Wright.



# Volleyball



## 14's

Back Row: M.J. Peirce, Middle Row: Gigi Hull, Emily Long, Suzanne Walters, Lisa Warsh, Front Row: Cindie Jamieson, Alison Papas, Becky Moore, Missing: Christina Nurse, Colleen Silver, Laura Pink, Donna Beer



## 15's

Back Row: Claire Duckworth, Cindy Mitchell, Middle Row: Fiona Anderson, Maureen Turner, Kim Foley, Front Row: Gayle Armstrong, Leslie Fleming, Absent: Allison Huycke, Adrienne Grant, Jennifer Pierce

## 16's

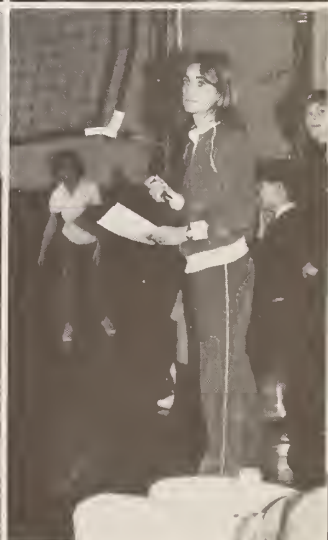
Back Row: Bonnie Barnes, Lauren Papas, Kathy Barclay, Middle Row: Lindsay Glassco, Ellen Green, Wendy Buchanan, Wendy Williams, Wendy Webber, Front Row: Lisa Papas, Missing: Kathy Fullerton, Wendy Buchanan, Jennifer Fitzgerald, Julie Streit

This year's volleyball team consisted of a variety of many new people. For Mrs. Cheeseman, it was her first year coaching volleyball and she did a tremendous job. We had three new girls on the team, Wendy Webber, Wendy Williams and Julie Streit who are also all boarders. It was Kathy Fullerton's first year on the 16's team and she showed great talent considering she was only in grade eleven. Jennifer Fitzgerald should receive an award for the most improved player of this year. She played exceptionally well against B.S.S. which helped us defeat them.

Considering all the new members on the team we all worked well together and had an interesting season of volleyball.

Good Luck to the team in the future.

Ellen Green.





# Badminton



## 14's

Back Row: Angela van Straubenzee, Andrea Dorfman, Janet Anthony, Gillian Frise, Lisa Korthals. Middle Row: Liz Wood, Samantha Seagram. Front Row: Christina Meynell, Martha Henderson, Susan Sandford.



## 15's

Back Row: J. Adams, V. Walker, M. Bond, P. Shearson, Middle Row: M. Soriano, H. Massey, C. Cameron, Front Row: A. Dalglish, P. Snively, M. Wright, C. Mills, Missing: A. Englar

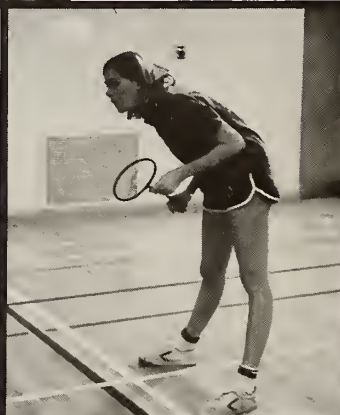


## 16's

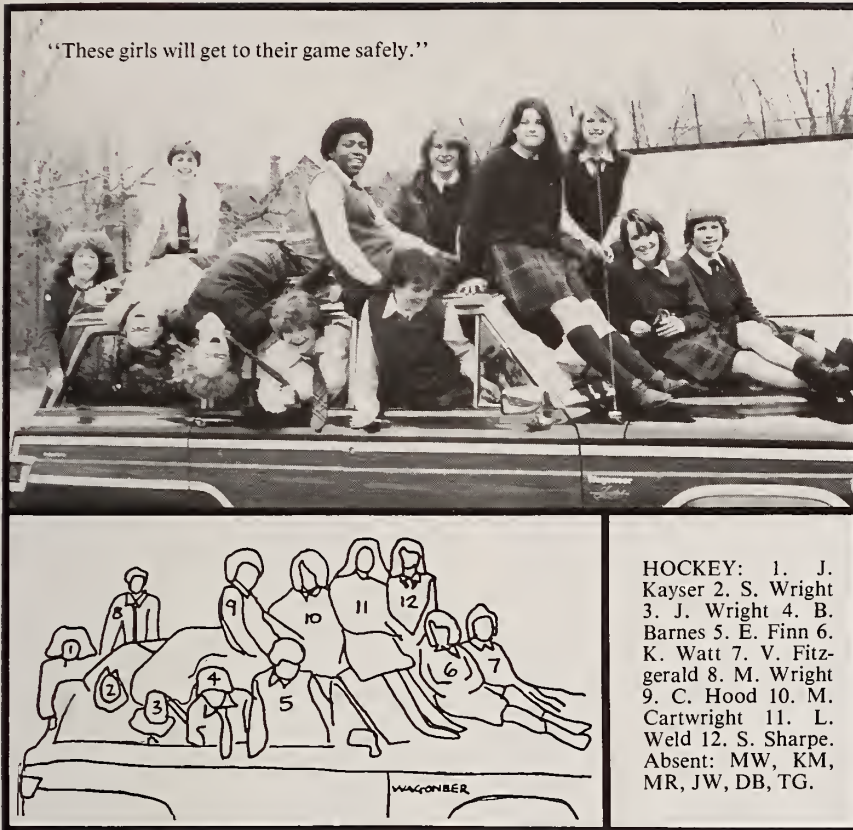
Back Row: L. Nichols, C. Doyle, J. Wright, M. Kemp-Gee, Front Row: B. Scott, J. Dingle, G. Kent, D. Corley, Missing: S. Morris, T. Hackett, S. El Baroudi, S. Lawson, A. Dinnick

This year the badminton teams at Branksome have been given the chance to play at more than one tournament as has usually happened in the past. The 14's, 15's, and 16's have each played three matches plus a tournament. Thus the badminton season has been lengthened for these players. All three teams have proven what 7:45 practices two times a week can do, which is WIN! Havergal is still our main competition but in no time even they will be defeated by BHS! Many thanks to Mrs. Kizoff who for three months came to school four days a week at 7:45.

Susan Morris



# Hockey



The Branksome Hall Hockey Team got off to an early start with tryouts before Christmas. Our first game was in February. We, of course, blew them away. We noticed this year however, that some teams had strengthened their resources to try to beat us. Branksome has not been defeated in its history and we were NOT about to let them change our record.

Our hockey season was really successful. It was full of enthusiasm and fun.

A big thanks should go to Mrs. Glennie, our coach, who contributed much time and energy to the team. Good luck to next year's team and may the B.H.S. team remain undefeated forever!

Jody Kayser

# Skiing



Left to Right: Vicky Peters, Becky Moore, Monica Moles, Emily Long, Jennifer Kitchen. Absent: Jennifer Beatty.

This year's ski team was chosen by tryouts at the Caledon Ski Club. Of the twenty odd applicants, seven were chosen to race in the T.D.C.A.A. meet at Medonte. Our team was made up of mostly younger members and despite this, we placed second overall with Jennifer Beatty placing third in the Giant Slalom. Although we didn't qualify for O.F.S.A.A., our team will be around for a few years giving Havergal a run for their money.

The team members were: Jennifer Beatty, Susie Hore, Jennifer Kitchen, Emily Long, Monica Moles, Becky Moore, Vicky Peters.

Thanks to Mrs. Glennie for her time, enthusiastic support and coaching. Also thanks to Suzanne Long for timing.

by: Emily Long.



## Fencing



Left to Right. Back Row: Dione Ball, Sarah Beech, Lindsay Glassco, Sally Pitfield, Stephanie Churcher. Front Row: Lisa Sharpe, Claire Angus, Julie Fergusson. Absent: Lorelei Graham, Sarah Teskey, Pam van Strauberzsee, Electra Vrachas, Anna Tyacke.

This year some of us were brave, and joined the fencing club! Every Friday we met in the gym and practiced footwork and basic strategy. We were quite amused when two or three junior school kids joined us because one was so small she could barely hold her sw-word (as the three musketeers say). When it came to the actual fencing part they really knew what they were doing! Just one word of advice - if you see any white masked creatures stalking the halls; run for your lives because we don't have very good aim and moving targets are rare!!

## BHS Supporters



## Nerf on Turf



**ARTS & LITERARY**





The waves have formed the solitary rock.  
 In the vicious currents I stand alone,  
 The rough-edged tide bringing the lonely tone  
 Until with nature I am free to walk.  
 In the far distance is a flying hawk  
 Gliding through the spray of the water blown  
 Often hiding from sight the one friend known  
 With whom of my great sadness I can talk.  
 The present holds many secrets untold  
 Leaving me in encompassing darkness  
 Which the deserting hawk and the cold sea  
 Deepen. I only to my future hold  
 The hope to find a friend who'll bless  
 My friendship, and let my secrets be free.

Mary Bartlett  
 Grade 13



Morning

The taste of dew-soaked sawdust is in the air.  
 Cold morning mist seeps down cedar boards,  
 White from age and wear.  
 The great ocean echoes a hundred yards away,  
 Like muffled thunder,  
 The stairs, now rotten, creak as I drink the blue glare.  
 The hazy morning light, before it greys or brightens.  
 The early hour, steeped in loneliness,  
 Is slain by the cutting sun.  
 The last red robin is gone.  
 The day has murdered morning,  
 The horizon greys.

Laura Loewen  
 Grade 12

### To a Dear Friend

Open your eyes and see the world as I.  
 And heed not things which bring you harm and pain,  
 That bleed the heart and cause one's life to drain.  
 But seek the things that stop your age old cry.  
 You miss so much around; use well your sight.  
 Look at the beauty of the breaking day,  
 And watch it grow until it slips away.  
 The sun will bow his head to greet the night.  
 Your life, my friend, has only just begun.  
 Waste not your thoughts on things that might have been,  
 They bring on tears and much of your despair,  
 But look at those that have yet to be won.  
 Think of the world that you have not yet seen,  
 Now you must know how much this friend does care.

Christel Helwig  
 Grade 13



A. CARR

Draw  
 A picture  
 Of a tree  
 And watch it come  
 Alive,  
 Dance,  
 Die.

Cathy McCulloch

### Defences

Sometimes she has presentiments;  
 Then something goes awry.  
 She knows how it is to be utterly alone.  
 And when she sees herself  
 Alone again,  
 Her mask disintegrates.  
 She tires of pretense.

Sometimes she feels impulsive;  
 But she stifles that.  
 She knows how it is  
 When a distinguished  
 Person becomes a blundering  
 Fool and is utterly alone.  
 She cannot continue  
 Anymore alone.  
 She allows herself a tear.

Julie Pollock  
 Grade 12







When the sun completes its course  
For the day, the sky brilliant  
With colours,  
So the course of his life is complete.  
He is a man with no freedom.  
His insides are filled with  
Brilliant colours  
Just as the sunset,  
But the colours seem to fade  
As one comes closer.  
Unlike the sunset, he hides  
His beauty from us.  
He is afraid.

Cathy McCulloch, Grade 13

### WAR

I have lived through the days of enmity and  
destruction.

I hear the cries of my companions and friends as  
they echo in the vast hills where they lay.

I am free now to live a life of peace and con-  
tentment but happiness seems so far away.

My dreams have become tragic memories of the  
war where I fought for life.

Now I long to live above the clouds where joy is  
everlasting.

Alison Dalglish, Grade 10

Someday  
When we find ourselves  
By the sea,  
Would you come and sit  
In the sand with me  
And show me the shells of life you've found  
That the sand and waves had hidden away?  
If you trust me,  
Let me hold your soul  
Up to my ear,  
So that I may hear  
The secrets of the ocean  
Deep inside of you.

Stephanie Buchanan, Grade 10

### GHOST FOX

Sleek, grey creature  
Slim lined its features.  
Races across the dewy veld  
Its imprint, a picture to be held.  
Of swift and silver image  
That slips between black shadows,  
And eyes you from its vantage.  
Calculating, peering, forward,  
He passes under your range.

So much depends upon  
a rambling house  
overgrown with weeds,  
a neglected tire swing.

Jennifer Kim  
Grade 12

Darcy Bett  
Grade 12





ALISON DALGLISH gr. 10

## WEST PALM BEACH

When I reflect on how many hours are spent:  
Gstaad Lacosta, Deauville, Monaco,  
And paying thousands monthly for my rent,  
I feel there's meaning in my life. And so  
I care not for the common lusts of life  
Like peanut butter sandwiches and jam.  
Not bothered by the normal stress and strife  
And daily news of gloom and nauseam.  
My days are measured by Monsieur Cartier  
A life awash with pleasure and ease;  
I'm dressed by all the best couturier  
While some folk never know of Tiffany's.  
What's critical is staying on the scene -  
A regular in People Magazine.

Julia Weinstein, Grade 13

The puzzle is becoming harder  
To piece together.  
The ragged edges are beginning to fray  
from what was once;  
a perfect fit.  
Even the colours  
No longer convey that brightness  
To the unfinished challenge.  
So there it lies,  
Fragments in turmoil -  
Waiting to be saved.

Barb Inksater  
Grade 13

## TORONTO

This city of Toronto is fresh and alive,  
The citizens a busy from nine until five.  
Working in skyscrapers so tall and so thin,  
Among many a building as straight as a pin.  
The warm sun streams down on houses and parks,  
You can hear children laughing as a little dog barks.  
It's things like this that make Toronto so warm,  
You can even feel it during a cold winter storm.  
I like Toronto for the crime rate is low,  
And the people industrious and all on the go.  
Our city's fantastic, there's no debate,  
For it's the people of Toronto that make it so great.

Heather Gray, Grade 9

## BUILDINGS

awake at nine  
the brain stirs  
the gray mass comes to life  
towering above  
they grow and multiply  
grey skeletons  
with glass eyes  
looming like giants  
ridged and cold  
seeing and controlling  
then dusk comes  
eyes are blinded  
and all is still.

Stephanie Churcher  
Grade 13



# The Man Behind the Viewglass

He was bored, in fact, so bored that his usually acute mind clicked sluggishly. His room, like every other room in this complex, was geared for the complete relaxation of the inhabitant, but today he experienced a curious pang of hollowness inside. He sauntered onto one of the large, green, transparent discs hovering outside of his viewglass. At his mental command, it rose several hundred metres into the air. It remained suspended, faintly shimmering with an orange shield. Around him, the city rose in immense ivory and ebony structures steep, stark, and infinitely smooth. Each artificial mountain joined another at its base to form a perfect circle, which twinkled with millions of green, blue and golden lights. He looked down straight below onto the white strips of the empty Transport Zones radiating from the City Centre, and suffered no vertigo.

The man and the disc then returned to his compartment where a synthesized voice greeted him:

"Good day. It is approaching the precise time for your required bimonthly psychological stimulus. Congratulations, you have graduated from 10 000 units to 12 000 units, an increased dosage of 20%." The man accepted the figures with apathy and the voice continued.

"Special request memory tape has arrived - Terra Time 1944: W.W. II Relived - THE TRUE SENSATION OF DEATH. Your complete mental/emotional capabilities as up-to-date were examined before approval. This edition is only simulated but unedited. It exceeds your new range of 12 000 units by 400 units, but since data cannot be withheld from citizen priority I, logic advises extreme caution in usage."

With that, a long, shiny memory tape capsule materialized in his incoming box. The man stared at it, feeling something akin to growing excitement. Logic told him that it was very dangerous to expose his mind to doses of psychological stimuli exceeding his known limit, but because he did not know fear, he merely weighed his options rationally. First, he had exhausted the Tape Reference Centre trying to assuage his curiosity. Secondly, he had increased his intake of stimuli to such an extent that any lower dosage would prove ineffectual in maintaining his mental balance. Thirdly, he had already experienced the primary emotions; sadness, joy, love, hatred, fear, anger and at first, he had found them enlightening and gratifying, but with repeated intake of seemingly endless variations, he had become immune with boredom.

But this tape capsule was unique, special.

He was the first ever to reach the zenith of emotional experience . . . but then, again, no one else had skipped over as many units as he, nor had anyone dared to experience death.

He seated himself within his sensory amplifier and put the capsule to his lips. His hand wavered for a moment between reality and the unknown and then he chose the latter. The capsule entered his mouth and dissolved instantaneously. His cognizance increased and his eyes closed of their own volition:

He seemed to be walking in a dark tunnel ringed with gold gossamer, whose threads shifted continuously. The tunnel slowly lost its solidity and dissipated beneath his feet.

The heavens are split with deafening explosions and the ground shudders and erupts into showers of dirt and human flesh. I run blindly out of the white stone house, seeing nothing but a haze of black, hearing nothing but my own life quickening my veins. Another shell lands a few metres away; the ground trembles violently; I stumble but I do not fall. The rising dust overwhelms me, clings tenaciously to my skin and to the insides of my mouth. The black recedes from my vision; I blink away sweat. My leaden feet move towards the hidden safety of the woods beyond. There are many soldiers in front of me . . . they run in quick, jerky strides over the rubble, like characters from a silent black and white film . . . Charlie Chaplin and Co. How terrible I want to laugh, but I must not cry out, attract attention.

The forest looms only a few hundred metres away. My aching lungs heave dryly but I know that I have been sprinting for less than a minute. The heat is intense; it sucks my life in little salty raindrops to the ground. It seems that I have passed by many white stone houses in my flight, or is it just the blankness of my mind?

A soldier in front of me flaps as he runs. Everything - his arms, his canteen, his shirt, and his bootstraps flap. I am reminded of a headless chicken trying to fly, a ridiculous comparison.

The soldier turns his head in surprise.

Yes, I think I know him - why that's Johnny, Should've known . . . nice guy, always scared, a face like cheese, shocked and white and lost in space.

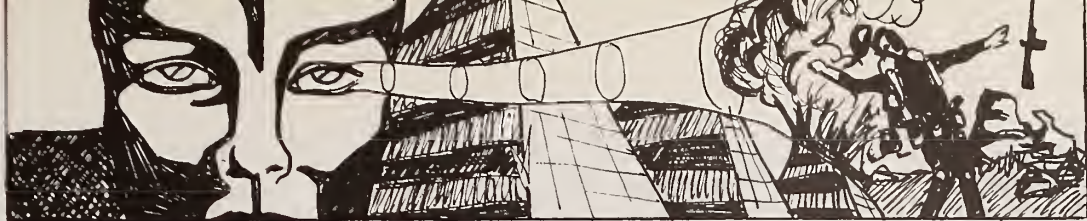
"Hey, Johnny!" I yell.

Another blast.

He hesitates in mid-stride, eyes fearful and trusting.

Burst of gun fire.

Then he is falling, quite limply, still staring. My zigzagging feet must leap over him, his head, his



mouth set in a little dripping red O of protest and I am filled with remorse. Exhilaration drains away, leaving a scared shell and why did I scream at him? Is it because the forest is so close that I can almost grasp it? Poor boy, I apologize, I didn't . . . and the hairs on my nape stand up and dance and an ominous whistling fills the air. I jump instinctively to the ground, knowing what it must be.

There is a hideous silence of uncertainty and then the explosion tears the ground. I clutch at the earth's bosom, daring anything to pry me loose. Another silent scream, another furious blast and then another and another and another, and the world is a throbbing drum wracking me in endless vibrations.

Then silence.

I am in a loose, makeshift grave of dirt: I smell my own fear, the tortured ground, the cordite filled air. But I am alive and uninjured. I wait - I feign death. Time goes by in tiny ticks of my crystal face watch. I grow sleepy with waiting. I am at home in bed, struggling with a nightmare. I close my eyes and some dirt cakes them. I rub my face. It is wet with tears - and I re-enter reality.

A sluggish worm, thin and sickly red burrows beneath my fingers. I peer up through the mud. The forest, omnipotent, my sanctuary, is only a few metres away.

Beside me someone is moaning deeply and incessantly. I shut my ears to the pain; I must be cunning. I begin to crawl slowly and a hand loops itself around my ankle.

"Please . . . please . . . help me."

I looked around at the soldier without recognition. It is obvious that he will not live long but I am too drained to release him from his suffering. All I see is a ruined human being with fathomless eyes and a mouth who grasps me with blood streaked hands. Shivering with pity and revulsion, I kick at the hands this man who might have been me - and they fall away so easily. His blood, however, cakes and crusts on my leg.

I concentrate; I stoop; I begin to lope. My pace increases and soon I run with the wind. I weep with joy but a tremendous pain has blossomed in my chest. Strangely, each breath inhaled is like a dying, rattling stream. The world spirals - an immense merry-go-round-my knees fold up beneath me like a wooden bench. I touch the pain and my hand comes

away wet with - what? What is this - blood? Impossible - you cannot shoot the wind! I am safe - am I dying? Be calm! I think I will rest awhile. My head is much too heavy to carry and the sun swoops down and lights me on fire . . . and . . . the pain is intolerable.

A voice in my head wheedles: "My dear boy, you suffer from an incurable case of bullet through the heart." I quell the thought immediately.

Everything is in shadow. It must be a hot night. I dare not breathe too deeply lest something should burst. Johnny's face is close to mine and his skin is sallow and dessicated. He is saying:

"Hey . . . hey . . . I'm not scared anymore. It really hurt at first, but then it sort of went away. It's nice where I am. You know no more fighting or stuff like that . . . it shouldn't make it hard on yourself . . . here, come on, follow me."

And he is opening a door to give me a peek and all I see is a deep well of blackness and oblivion.

I resist.

When I was small, I killed a baby robin. Put it on the road and dropped a big, jagged rock on it. One would think that it would die instantaneously, but it didn't. It fluttered around in its own blood piteously, its bald head writhing on the tar. I watched for fifteen minutes before putting an end to it.

A bump under my back annoys me. I reach under fumblingly and withdraw a round red stone. Why, everything is red, a big red puddle. Everything is so dim - what birds? - someone coming? - Mama to tuck me in?

It is a grinning skeleton and he plunges his scythe into my heart . . . and I am a vortex . . . black . . .

"Tape ends here; sequence is complete. Please relax to allow a total return to awareness. Do not attempt to prolong sensations. All rights to T.T. 1944: W.W. II. capsule contents go to Memory Tape Research Co., please do not violate.

The man was confused but obeyed the flashing red instructions in his mind. A black tunnel appeared and he walked calmly through it while the golden gossamer ring caressed his entire body and cleansed his mind. He finally awakened in his pleximodulated sensory amplifier, refreshed and relaxed. He seemed to suffer no ill effects from the overdosage, and his brain was still as efficient as ever. He had experienced the Ultimate . . . the voyage into the



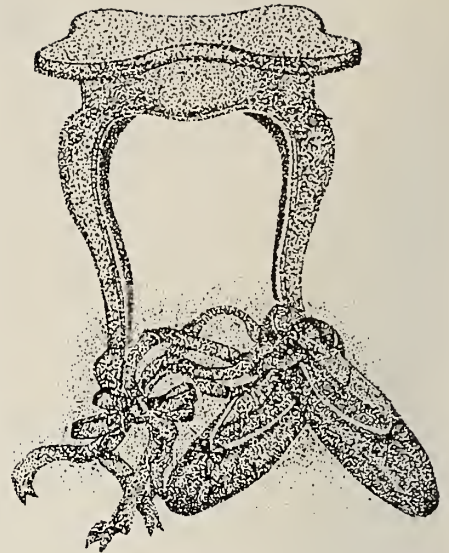
unknown, and he had survived. Although simulated, this tape had been better than some authentic tapes in style, impact, realism . . . one disturbing image kept trying to surface in his mind and he unconsciously stifled it. It bothered him and gave him a faint sensation of unease, that something had been unnatural about the tape. He refused to give the thought freedom. The man stretched and walked over to his view glass. He took in the cold architectural beauty of the exterior with a mechanical eye. A glorious sunset hovered in the air, but all he saw was the science of light to produce the wave lengths of yellow, orange and red.

His suppressed thought then popped out of his mind like a jack-in-the-box. It was the image of the grinning scythe. The man immediately recognized this to be symbolic of the skeleton of death from the ancient cultures. His infallible mind went back to the tape. Even in his semi-hypnotic state, he had been aware of the subtle suddenness with which the 'soldier' had died. It would have been most convient for the creators of the tape to put in the imagery of the skeleton as the logical arrival of death itself. He knew this because he thought on such frequencies himself. All this pointed to the fact that the entire memory tape had been fabricated on nothing but the perceptions of the living on death. It had been realistic up to a certain point, but the most important part had been too contrived and rational to be the truth. The authentic tapes of the Second Golden Age, when emotions flowed freely between people, were spontaneous and natural, but technology had stopped at death, even in this era of the future.

He had nearly been fooled by a bogus sensation.

The viewglass shattered into millions of pieces as he jumped out, a spiraling speck of semi-humanity that spun round until it hit the ground. He had finally attained the ultimate sensory perception.

Story and illustration by: Jennifer Kim  
Grade 12



Dance little girl,  
Twirl and twist  
Until you lose  
Your breath.  
Dance little girl,  
Leap and laugh  
Until your legs  
Are red.  
Dance little girl,  
And think of  
Bright balloons.  
Dance little girl,  
While you can.

Cathy McCulloch  
Grade 13

So much depends upon  
the cane which he holds

the things that he says  
the sights that he sees.

Susan Sandford  
Grade 9

In a Japanese garden  
 Sits a star painted geisha  
 Rounded edges shade  
 Her gilt labeled kimono.  
 A look closer reveals  
 A crystal tear  
 Alone she ponders her existence,  
 An instrument for use.  
 No choice of what she might like.  
 As slender fingers  
 wrap a yellow lantern,  
 Another pearl drop  
 Falls to bounce into  
 The goldfish pool that reflects her.  
 Ankles narrow enough  
 To crush with a grasp  
 She rises, golden light  
 Dancing off coal eyes.  
 A beauty so porcelain  
 It can shatter so easily.  
 An ancestral calling  
 Awakes her limp hand by her side.  
 Jewels glitter in the light,  
 They cover the hilt.  
 Aslim blade  
 Lifted it gives the sun  
 It's own reflection . . .  
 Freedom is given

Darcy Bett  
 Grade 12



Darcy Bett '82



The intersection of Yonge and Bloor Streets is the heart of Toronto. It is flanked by wealth and poverty, by elegance and infamy. You can wait on that corner dressed to kill, to solicit or to flaunt. It is the crossroads of drunks, businessmen, students and high-society women. I know, I grew up there. I watched and was watched and acted almost every part possible on that corner. From the homebase it formed, I set out to browse luxuriously at Holt's, to study dutifully at Central Library and to experiment illegally with any range of intoxicants.

But as I walked along Bloor tonight, into a sinking sun, I noticed a change. Actually, I sensed a change from the moment I emerged from the Subway. Iron and concrete age well, they were unaltered. My God! What had happened? I was aghast. For a while I told myself I was stupid to have anticipated the same old Bloor Street. Did I expect, on this wistful, reminiscent voyage along the strip I used to haunt, to be transported back in time? But my reasoning failed miserably. It had changed. I searched for, but could not see kids proudly advertising the latest trend, or businessmen courting smart accomplished young women. Faces only tilted down and studied the darkening cement blocks. Shop keepers closed up and pulled shiny new iron grills down over their windows like veils. It was desolate and chilling and for the first time I realised that all the buildings along my favorite street were grey.

It was almost relieving to turn north on Avenue, but I had lost my first battle.

Tory Russell  
Grade 13

I wasn't alone in the beginning. I had a little sister, Caila. Caila was perfect. Her blonde curls bobbed as she spoke and her green eyes shone vibrantly. Everyone loved her. She would have been a spy or something when she grew up, so they say. I would have been a secretary. I remember a lot about her, some I just made up.

Caila was vain. Oh, she was vain. She used to say to me, "Lizzy, am I pretty? Aren't I pretty, Lizzy?" Why could no one else see that? Why?

At the time we were living in the house on the ravine with the big white pillars and the pool in the back. You know the one. Sometimes, at night, Caila would go out on the balcony to dance and play. I'd pretend to be asleep and watch by my bed. When she twirled, I willed her to fall and I laughed when she did. I'd put my hand in my mouth to stop but once it didn't work and she nearly heard me.

One night, the last night, I could stand it no longer. I had to go join her. Ever so quietly, I tiptoed out. She had been looking up at the moon but spun around when she heard me. There was a strange expression on her face and for an instant, I saw her as the others did. She recognized me and turned away to lean over the balcony. I could see her Shirley Temple bloomers. "I wanna go swimming Lizzy." She said it. Just like that - clear as day, so I pushed her. I heard a splash and I grew angry with her for leaving me so I went back to bed.

They say she drowned but she could not possibly be dead because I am here and I am Caila. I must be; I see the moon when I shut my eyes.

I am looking out a window just as I did the last night of our life. I'm looking for something but I'm not sure what. I hear voices coming up the stairs but I don't want to be found yet. I hide in the closet. Light shines under the crack and footsteps enter. The door swings open and they call, "Melissa." I don't answer because I am not Melissa, I'm Caila. They tell me I am silly to be hiding in closets at 21. When will they learn that I'm not 21? I'm 6 1/4 and Lissy died when she was eight.

I'm back at the window now, but I can't see Caila. I want to go swimming. I lean over the edge and the concrete below turns to water. I am invincible! As I leap through I see Caila's reflection in the pool. She is smiling and she greets me with open arms and her childish giggle. I shut my eyes and I'm on the moon again; awaiting the final splash.

by Kathy Watt,  
Grade 10

# THE WRITING CLUB

## Patterns

Sun swept spot.  
A porch all clean,  
Impeccable in sight of the blind.  
Pink tricycle moving,  
Sharp spokes winking.  
On top a tiny being.  
Together travelling afar and  
Rolling, rolling.  
Yellow hair, clean eyes,  
Lips pressed into white;  
A paragon of concentration.  
Making a pattern,  
Forcing the pedals and  
Rolling, rolling.  
Wheel scoring wood,  
Teeth scoring flesh,  
Leaving not a sight  
To those who peer.  
Obliterated form.  
Charcoal edges spreading,  
Encompassing the dark.  
Now black  
Now grey  
Now white.  
But I who sat atop  
A pink tricycle,  
With blank eyes  
Can feel the pattern.  
Lips pressed into white.  
I find it.  
A porch all clean.  
Eyes wide, eyes wild, and  
Rolling, rolling.

Julie Pollock

## Sunday

Swift currents of cars  
Crowds of people gathering  
In tree-filled parks.  
Bright, clean buildings with electric fans  
Ice-Cream trucks and apples,  
Fresh bakeries full of European smells.

And then it's evening-nine o'clock,  
Majestic stars fill the purple sky  
And a comfortable coziness settles  
As fires are lit.

Hayley Avruskin

## Summer Memory

Three o'clock on a hot, dusty August afternoon . . . The sun beat down on the barren wastelands of Montana and brown grass drooped lazily on the roadside. No MacDonald's . . . no town. Only vast stretches of infertile farmland.

A small sign . . . a town - the first in 100 miles. Over a hill, and it appears; a dusty tired old town, 'Montana City-Population 179'. Main street's lively stores displayed used rubber boots and boasted two gas pumps.

Four scantily dressed children watched us from behind a rusty slide in a shabby playground.

One restaurant in the town: A fly-ridden cafe. Seven grimy, torn menus at the door indicated the cafe had been in operation since the Blackfeet roamed the prairies. Ten booths . . . the decor comprises patches of faded, checked mactack stuck to worn planks of wood. These are the tables.

Finished. The vision of a creamy chicken sandwich proved appealing. A slow, wrinkled old lady served us a greasily fried chicken pattie on limp bread with yellow mayonnaise and wilted jello leaving feelings of nausea and heaviness.

by Elizabeth Allingham  
Grade 9

## A punctuation in life

An echo of a name  
Where there was once a tumultuous roar  
Like the crashing of a surf,  
Calls to mind  
A scattering of autumn leaves,  
Brittle and faded,  
As the red ribbon on the dresser  
By the wooden box,  
Which was unlocked with the secret key  
Reveals only dust and black ashes.

Jennifer Kim

## Adoptee

I trusted you with my feelings.  
You rolled them into a tight, hard ball  
And used them as a weapon against me.  
Now you crawl back,  
Seeking forgiveness  
And I foolishly  
Grant it.

Kathy Ingham



I was late. I was supposed to meet David at 11:00 am. It was now 11:30 am. I was sure he would still be there. His calm, unhurried patience would enable him to remain standing, waiting for me. It seemed that no matter how late I ever was he would always be there, poised in perfect balance and harmony.

People were stopping to gaze at three prisoners. Struggling to come to life, they were trapped within the substance which they were composed of. Their creator had left them unfinished for some reason. I was glad that their beauty was incomplete for it served to emphasize David's. I was growing anxious. I must see David once more before I left.

Then I saw him. For a moment my heart stood still. His head was turned at a slight angle. He was looking through his stone grey eyes far into the distance. I had often wondered what it was that he saw that caused his upper brow to fold into lines of worry. Those eyes more than anything else showed his determination and strength. His fixed gaze seemed to reach out to me. Then suddenly he seemed to be more distant from me. He was not looking at me but through me. My heart fell.

I moved slightly to the right. I was now within his field of vision. The eyes remained cold and determined. He continued to look past me. I gazed longingly at his soft full lips. They were slightly parted, as if he were about to call out to me. I had never before recognized this element of tenderness in David's character.

My hungry gaze next fell upon his smooth, broad chest. His face seemed to exude courage and determination. His powerful chest demonstrated his ability to carry out his will. The muscles in his chest and abdomen were perfectly formed.

His arms were strong and powerful. The life giving arteries were the only break in his otherwise flawless skin. His hands were very large and powerful. They seemed larger than most people's hands. They were undoubtedly capable of great strength as well as great tenderness. His left hand was poised, delicately resting on his broad powerful shoulder. In his left hand he carried a sling. His other arm lay beside his long leg. In his right hand he held a small, smooth, grey stone. His feet were large also. They were not clumsy looking. Despite their size and obvious strength they were, too, graceful. The large protruding muscles in his legs gave further proof of his masculinity.

Gazing upon him for one more precious minute I suddenly felt the vivid personality of David in its entirety. It seemed to come together for me in an instant. Hours of gazing upon him had not served to reveal his character, but now in a single moment I felt I knew him. His strength, his determination, his intelligence, his beauty and his tenderness. Feeling the need to touch him just once, I walked

closer. Haltingly I extended my hand. I touched the cool smoothness of his muscular calf. An alarm sounded. A distraught security guard approached. In Italian, he hurled insults.

Janice Loudon, Grade 13

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### Imagine

The canvas rested awkwardly in the corner of the dark garret. A large x shaped gash broke its surface. He stood silently in the doorway, a weary carpet bag hanging tiredly from his left hand. He didn't notice the dusty brushes strewn about the floor, the broken furniture lying in twisted heaps or the star of David painted messily on one wall, a skull and cross bones accenting each point.

She was always there in silence watching.

She was not beautiful but she was caught in such a way on canvas so as to make her an image of wonder; an engima. He painted her with beauty in his heart; roses, creams and heavenly hues of love. It was not a painting to him. It was an obsession which swept in and overpowered him for those months. He didn't eat and slept very little but as his health dwindled a flush of expectation remained aloft his sturdy weathered cheekbones.

When it was finished, he took it down from its easel and carried it over to the window sill. Resting it carefully against a pane of glass, he turned to look at her with triumph. She smiled at the beauty he had given her.

They came for her first. Her dark hair and family background were a sure sign. He was not there when she was taken. For two days all he had was her image on canvas and then he too was taken.

Years later he stood in the doorway of his dark garret. Now he didn't even have her image.

Dione Ball, Grade 13



Somewhere;  
Is the place that I dream about.  
To me this is a paradise  
A place where my life is my own  
Yet others can still fit in  
Orderly and peacefully,  
With no obstructions  
To the life I lead.

Gentle, kind and giving  
Is the dream I have about the someone  
I crave to spend my life with.

Someone who understands  
My needs and I theirs  
The person who will look at life  
Through the same eyes as me,  
Not blurred by reality.

Just a dream  
This is all just a dream

Somewhere, someone and me all a dream  
Waiting to flourish into a life  
That misleads me into a dream  
Into paradise

My life is marred by a dream.

Wendy Brown





# WIT AND WITTICISMS



## FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

She glared at Pablo as he stood in the steamy room. Fury bubbled and spat within her, but on the surface she allowed only the slight curling of her lip to express her anger. And at her sides her fist clenched and unclenched in a rhythm of hatred. Her eyes drew to mere slivers of contempt and her breath was thick with dislike.

"Pablo," she screamed, "I obsenity of the befoful of the milk of the unprintable . . . no. I milk in the obsenity of . . . no. Unprintable befofulest in the obsenity of milk your . . . no. Milsenity in the besceenist of your milk your father. . . no. Pablo, I becenity . . . oh go to hell!"

## A SLOGAN SATIRE

Organ music heard in the background, whistling wind and floorboards creaking. They creep towards the source of light with trepidation on their visages. BUT NO!

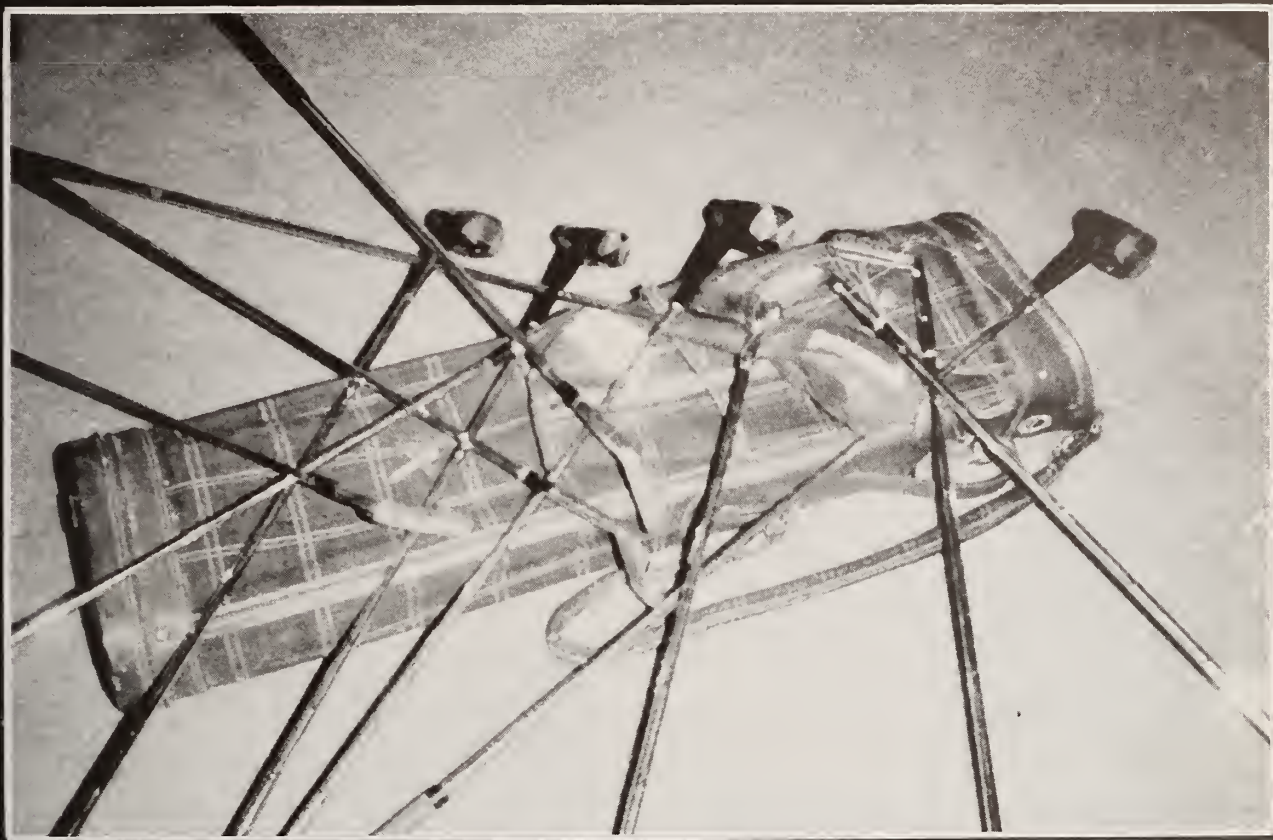
The fear envelopes them and as moles do when exposed to sunlight, they scurry for cover. Surreptitiously they emerge from their place of refuge and again begin to seek the evasive light. - - - (Giggle offstage) - - -

As if they knew their fate, they crept on with apprehension showing in their every movement. BUT THEN - as if sent by Father Zeus himself, a massive, black apparition emitting a ghastly wail descended upon them. They appeared to harmonize as one when he swept them up in his gloomy plumage.

A gunshot is heard. As the stage darkens, the organ player is dragged off.

Anonymous.





CLUBS



## Amnesty International

Amnesty International is a world wide organization which works for the release of prisoners of conscience. It has a membership of 750,000 people.

Amnesty International believes that people should not be imprisoned for their political beliefs. Therefore, any victim who is held whether for torture, trial or death and who has not enacted any form of violence may be supported by Amnesty International. Amnesty International will work for the release of that person or, at the very least, a trial or explanation of why they are being held.

Amnesty International is a threefold organization. The job of its members is to carry out three tasks which are to publicize its cause and name, to raise money and to write letters to countries asking for the release of the prisoners. As Amnesty International is nonpartial to any form of government, countries appear to listen to their plea.

This year Branksome joined Amnesty. We have tried to publicize its cause and name. We have raised money and have written some letters. We have had films and speakers to further aid us in the understanding of Amnesty work.

Many thanks must go to Mrs. Strangway, our staff advisor, Judy McLeish, treasurer, Suzanne Long, secretary, Julia Weinstein and Tory Russell, publicity heads and Sarah Wiley and Laura Loewen, co-editors of the newsletter. We hope the success of this year will help to encourage groups in the future to continue with Amnesty International work.

Thanks to everyone for all your support. As one of the first school groups we were also asked to write a newsletter telling other schools across Canada what the various groups are doing. We were very fortunate to have been given the opportunity to do this. Hopefully we will continue with this job in future years.

Susan Morris, Head of Amnesty International chapter at BHS.



Judy McLeish, treasurer and Susan Morris, head.



## Alumnae



We are glad to have had the opportunity to be the Alumnae Representatives for our graduating year of 1983. We have learned the importance of the Alumnae in school life.

A Bazaar was held by the students, proceeds going to the Canadian Cancer Society. The ladies of the Alumnae were kind enough to sell Branksome wares. They then made a generous donation to our cause.

One of their activities was the Alumnae Art Show. This is a show displaying the works of northern Ontario artists. The two evenings were entirely successful and enjoyed by all.

A group of sixteen 1974 graduates came to speak to the senior students about their educations and their lives after Branksome. This was beneficial to many who were unsure about their futures. It gives people courage to meet other people who have succeeded.

We hope that we have helped students realize how much work has been done for our benefit.

Jenny and Claire

## Beta Kappa

Dozens of girls attended the opening meeting in September, all interested in helping arrange dances at Branksome. The enthusiasm and involvement from the first day continued throughout the year, making 1982-1983 one of the best in a long time.

Preparations for the Ramabai Rout began in September and on October 16th we outshone other school dances with our creative decorations, great music and electric atmosphere! The evening was a huge success! Question: How do you fit 800 bodies into a gym built for 400? Answer: SQUISH!

"The dance went on . . ." as we organized buses for Lakefield, St. Andrew's College and Trinity College School. Also, the chaperones enjoyed themselves!

The new year began with the formal on February 26th at the St. Lawrence Hall. It, too, was a spectacular success!

This year couldn't have happened without the help of our staff advisor, Mme. Bayly and Pam van Straubensee, our vice-president. Many thanks must also go to our energetic supporters. Special thanks to Miss Roach and all the staff chaperones who kindly donated their time.

by Cathy Newman, Head of Beta Kappa



## Opheleo



A good fund raising year arises only through support and enthusiasm and this year has been no exception. Branksome girls gave both. Ramabai week in October raised \$3700 for charity. At Christmas, the CHUM Christmas Wish and the Yonge Street Mission received many useful gifts for underprivileged people. Reeses peanut butter cups were missed this year but the selling of chocolate covered almonds was a tremendous success. The spring activities included

selling roses for the Heart Fund and carnations for MS, as well as the annual Strawberry Tea.

This year volunteer work became a great part of the Opheleo whose motto is "I serve." The girls from Branksome are upholding it by donating their free time to various associations in Toronto.

Many thanks must be given to our staff advisors, Mrs. Davidovac and Mrs. Waugh, for their support and advice.

Jill Curtis, Head of Opheleo





## Writing Club



Every Monday afternoon a small group of dedicated girls with varying talents meet in the seminar room. Under the guidance of Mrs. Levitt we create, criticize and contribute both prose and poetry.

Besides concentrating on our own writings, we spend time learning of various writers and poets in the literature world. Seminars were given by some of the members with topics varying from Shel Silverstein, the imaginative and zany children's poet, to some experts from T.S. Eliot's OLD POSSUMS BOOK OF PRACTILE CATS.

This year has been truly successful and thanks must go to Mrs. Levitt and the members.

## The Kilt Press

When the school year began the five of us got together to decide on what we had liked and disliked about the school paper in the past. We came up with some changes that we thought should be made in the paper for the upcoming year.

We kept the paper divided in sections as it was last year. Probably the most time consuming decision we made was the one that all five of us should get together each paper and write an editorial. The editorials took us longer than expected for we usually ended up discussing topics that were irrelevant. For good or for bad each editorial was done by all of us after spending hours pondering over whether we liked the chosen topic or not.

Mrs. Blake, our staff advisor, was a great help to us. She proofread, gave us suggestions for articles and mostly put in a great deal of time to make sure things ran smoothly. There was always an obstacle that had to be overcome - Sally sorting paper, Lauren getting mad at the machine, Meg not understanding if there was a problem and Martha getting eaten by the stapler. Ruth helped by drawing last minute covers and getting ink all over everyone involved.

General consensus has it that the Kilt Press motto of 1982-83 is "We move on Food."

Tori Hackett  
Editor of Kilt Press



# Drama

CN TELECOMMUNICATIONS CN  
TELECOMMUNICATIONS CN  
TO: M. Frederic Gigi, Talent Scout.  
Paris France.

FROM: Martha McCarthy.

DATE: Feb. 25, 1983.

OPENING NIGHT \*\*\*

I AM CERTAIN THAT "WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION" WILL BE WONDERFUL STOP CAST GETS ALONG SUPERBLY AND WHEN PRACTICES ARE THIS MUCH FUN, HECK PERFORMANCES SHOULD BE A PANIC STOP AS FOR AUDITIONS (TM) OUR HOME-WRITTEN MUSICAL IS GREAT STOP MR. BICKLE WILL WITHOUT DOUBT KEEP US IN TUNE AND MRS. KIZOFF'S BURN BABY BURN PROMISES AT LEAST OF BURNING OFF CALORIES STOP OF COURSE DANCERS ARE SO VERY TALENTED STOP THANKS MRS. SMITH, MARNY, MARY, HEIDI, CYNTHIA, THERESA AND VICKY STOP BACKSTAGERS YOU'RE GREAT STOP BREAK A LEG STOP HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU KID(S) STOP LOVE MARTHA STOP.



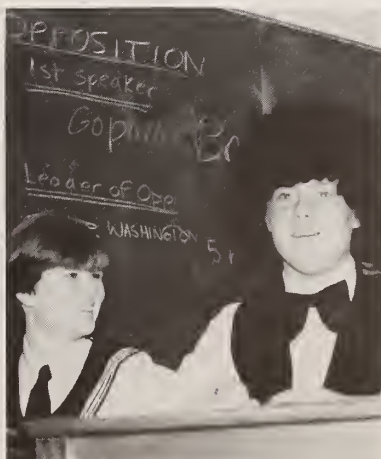
## Debating

"Talk softly and carry a big stick" is an apt motto for the debating society. No matter what the topic, we pack a powerful punch. We carry steel in our gloves, whether debating on the effect of bagels in modern society or on the effect of Pierre E.T. in today's government. Whether fighting on home territory or in the adversary's corner, we always go the full 15 rounds. We may be winning or losing we are definitely flooring them. TKOs so far - U.C.C., Crescent, T.C.S. and B.S.S. Currently, our heavyweights in training for future Fulfords and the Metro Finals which are being held in the home ring this year.

We'd like to thank our coaches, Mrs. Zommers and Mrs. McRae who are always off-side with the smelling salts and comforting advice. Thanks also to the debaters who have the real fighting spirit! Don't hang up your gloves. Remember - you're the champions, my friends!

Laura "Lefty" Loewen - liltingly loquacious.

Kitty "talons" Temelcoff - totally tongue - tied.





## Duke of Edinburgh Award Participants



This fall Branksome was introduced to the Duke of Edinburgh Award Program. Mr. Elliot came and spoke to us in prayers to tell us how the program worked and what was involved. He later returned to give us specific instructions on each of the sections of the award. Forty girls decided that they would like to participate. Various members of the staff are leading the different sections; Mrs. Glennie the physical fitness, Mrs. McClellan and Mrs. Merrilees the skills, Mrs. Simpson the expeditions and Mrs. Watson the service area. The Duke of Edinburgh Award has joined Branksome's long list of activities and has been enthusiastically accepted. Jackie Churcher.

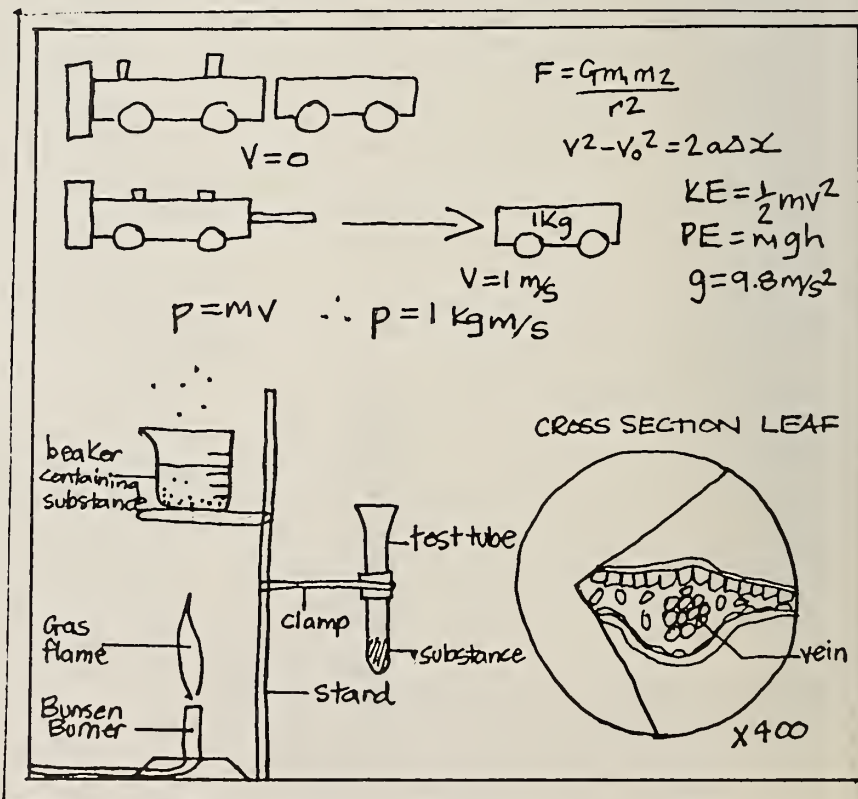


## Science Club

Under the guidance of Mrs. Shaver the science club has been very successful this year. Each grade 13 physics student was responsible for inviting a guest speaker to speak to the club. A wide variety of speakers have come from the University of Toronto, University of Guelph and York University. Some of the subjects covered were Genetic Engineering, Working experiments in a Vacuum, Mosquitoes and Medicine; and The Voyager Mission. Another activity of the club was a tour of the Centre of Forensic Science in Toronto.

The science club has been a great way of learning more about science and the world around us.

Di Pathy, Gr. 13 Physics



## Music Club



Top Row: Fiona Baird, Elizabeth Allingham, Peggy Theodore, Mr. Bickle, Dianne Daminoff, Jennifer Kim. Bottom Row: Cynthia Swinden, Vicky Bowman, Liz Dingwall.

This is the third year for the Music Club. The Music Club is open to anyone who has a musical interest or talent and it consists of people who play a variety of instruments and who sing. From our periodic performances, we receive appreciation and encouragement. We hope to encourage even more people to join and to participate in the music night. The music night is held annually in March and it attracts many talented musicians. This evening gives many the opportunity to perform.

Much of our thanks and appreciation goes to Mr. Bickle and Mrs. Strangway for their guidance and support.

We hope that the music club will continue at Branksome and play an important role in school life.

by: Cynthia Swinden



## Choir



Back Row: Diane McNeill, Ainsley Moore, Susan Sandford, Isobel Calvin, Emily Stephenson, Liz Dingwall, Heather Magee, Kim Dalglish, Morag Fraser, Lisa Gelinas. Middle Row: Adrienne Brown, Cathy Dyba, Katherine Watt, Heather Montgomery, Dianne Daminoff, Shiona McCully, Vicky Bowman, Alison MacLeod, Anna Tyacke, Coreene Gonsalves, Penny Pilgrim. Front Row: Sarah Taylor, Natasha Prior, Julie Pollock, Jennifer Priest, Margaret Hall, Barb Ward, Peggy Theodore, Cynthia Swinden, Angela Bunn, Jenny Wilkes, Christal Helwig, Kim Cramer.

Having been asked as choir president, "How's it going eh?" "The choir eh?!! I replied honestly that I was not sure as yet. Then I was told I had to write the choir write up, and quite frankly I just didn't know how to begin.

The first choir event this year was our usual weekend trip to Camp Couchiching, where we all got to know and meet one another. Of course, the big surprise this year was our new choir master, Mr. Bickle. The weekend was thoroughly enjoyed by all this year, especially since we put on skits for the camp counsellors and they for us. The weekend was one full of excitement and entertainment as well as a preparation for our first debut of the year, the traditional Carol Service.

We were also asked to sing at a Graduate's wedding. Extra time and rehearsals were put in for this, but all in good spirit! We look forward to our Grand Finale for the year, our Spring Concert!

Relax your voices this summer and prime up for and even better next year.

Thanks, Penny



## Prayers People



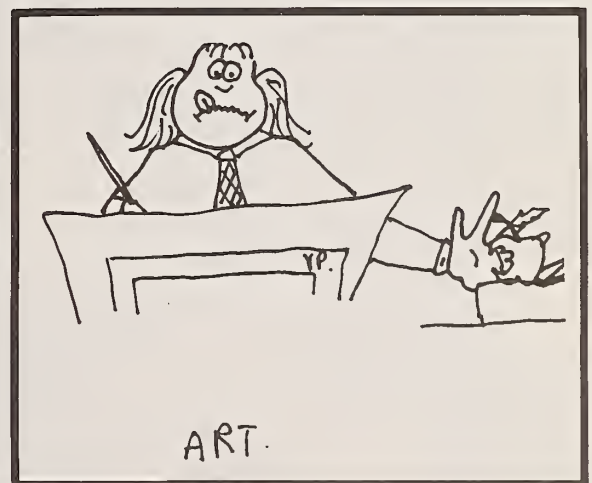
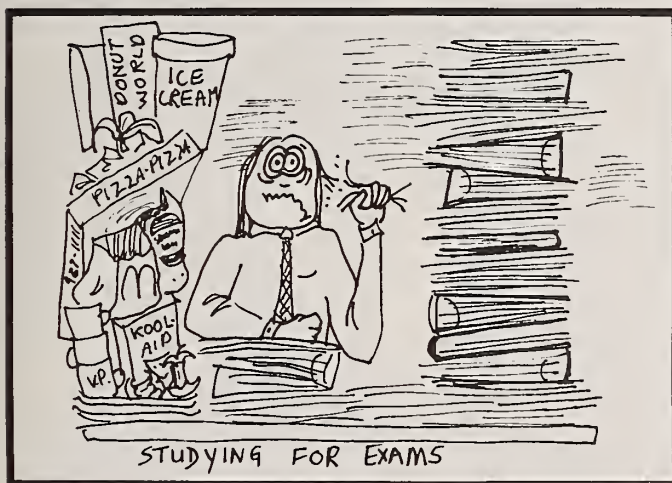
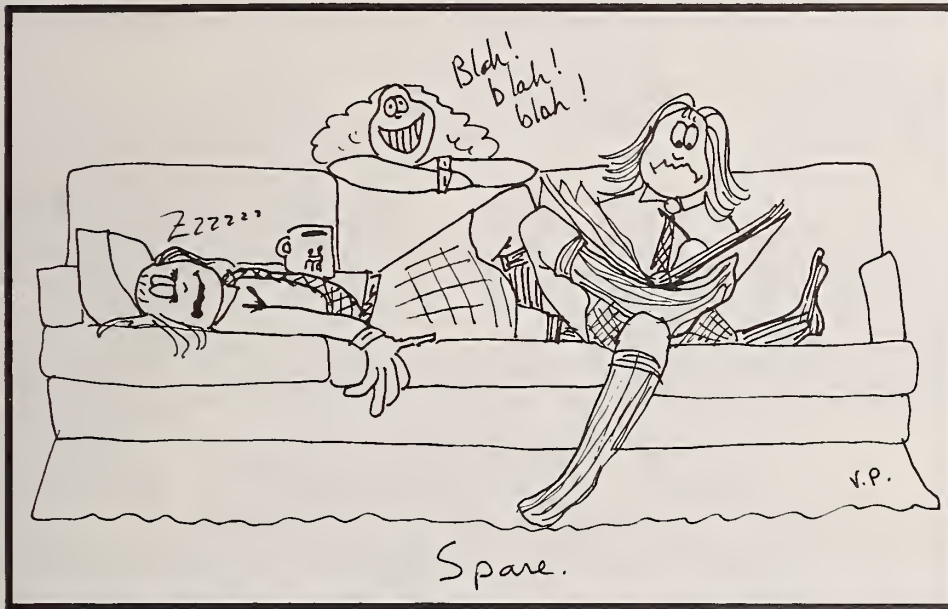
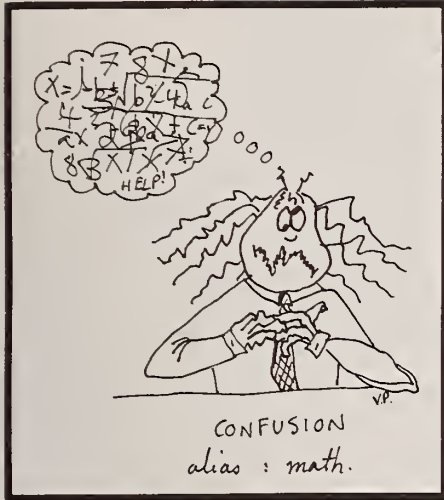
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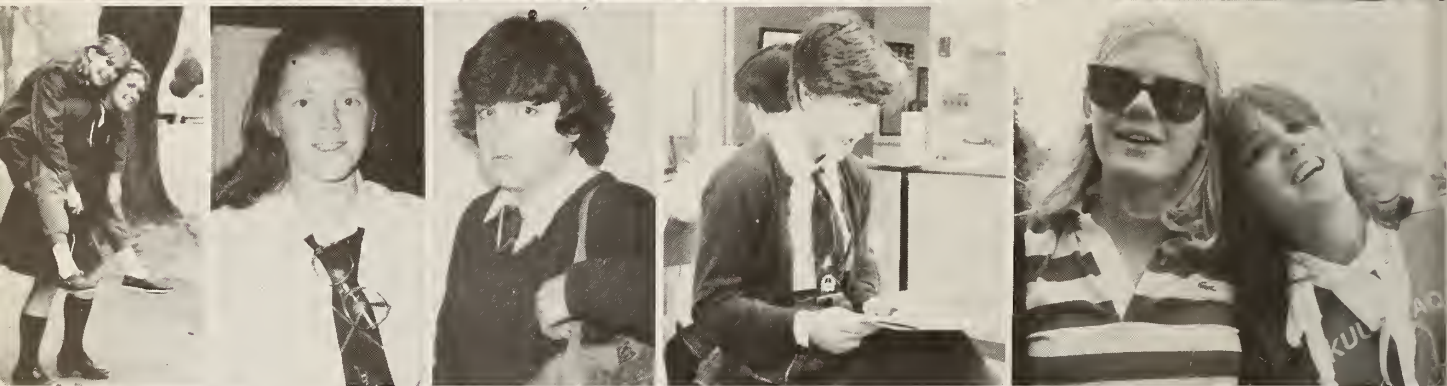
"My books are very few, but then the world is before me - a library open to all from which poverty of purse cannot exclude me - and in which the meanest and the most paltry volume is sure to furnish something to amuse, if not instruct and improve." Joseph Howe.

Thanks to the help of 22 hard working girls the library has been running smoothly throughout the year. It started with the "Bookmobile" in October and then the "Buy a Book for Branksome" sale in November when we obtained 152 new books. Thanks, Mrs. Dick, Di Pathy, Head.

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- Aristotle -



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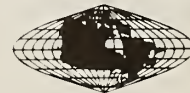


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